AMAZING MYSTERIES

MAY
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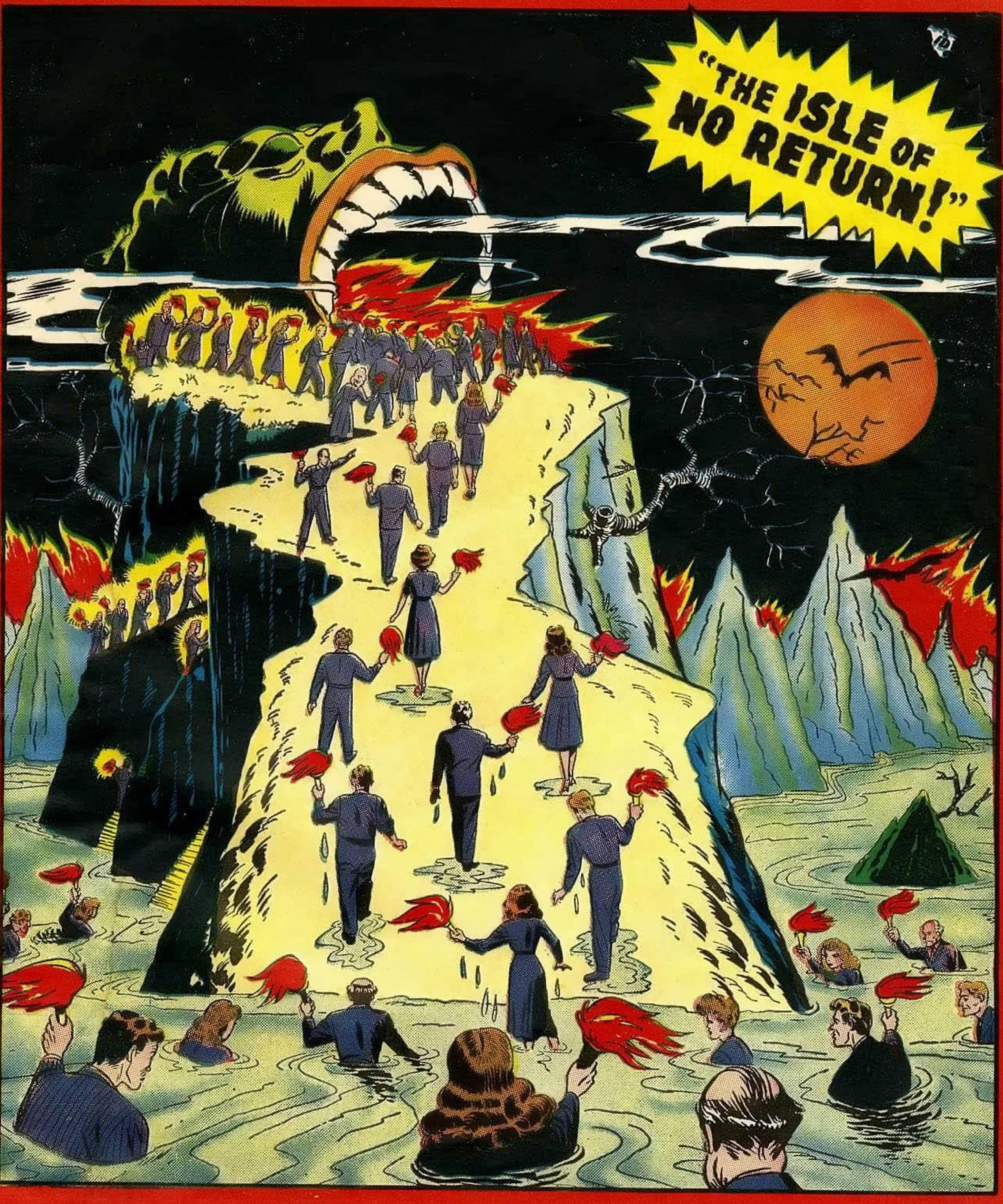
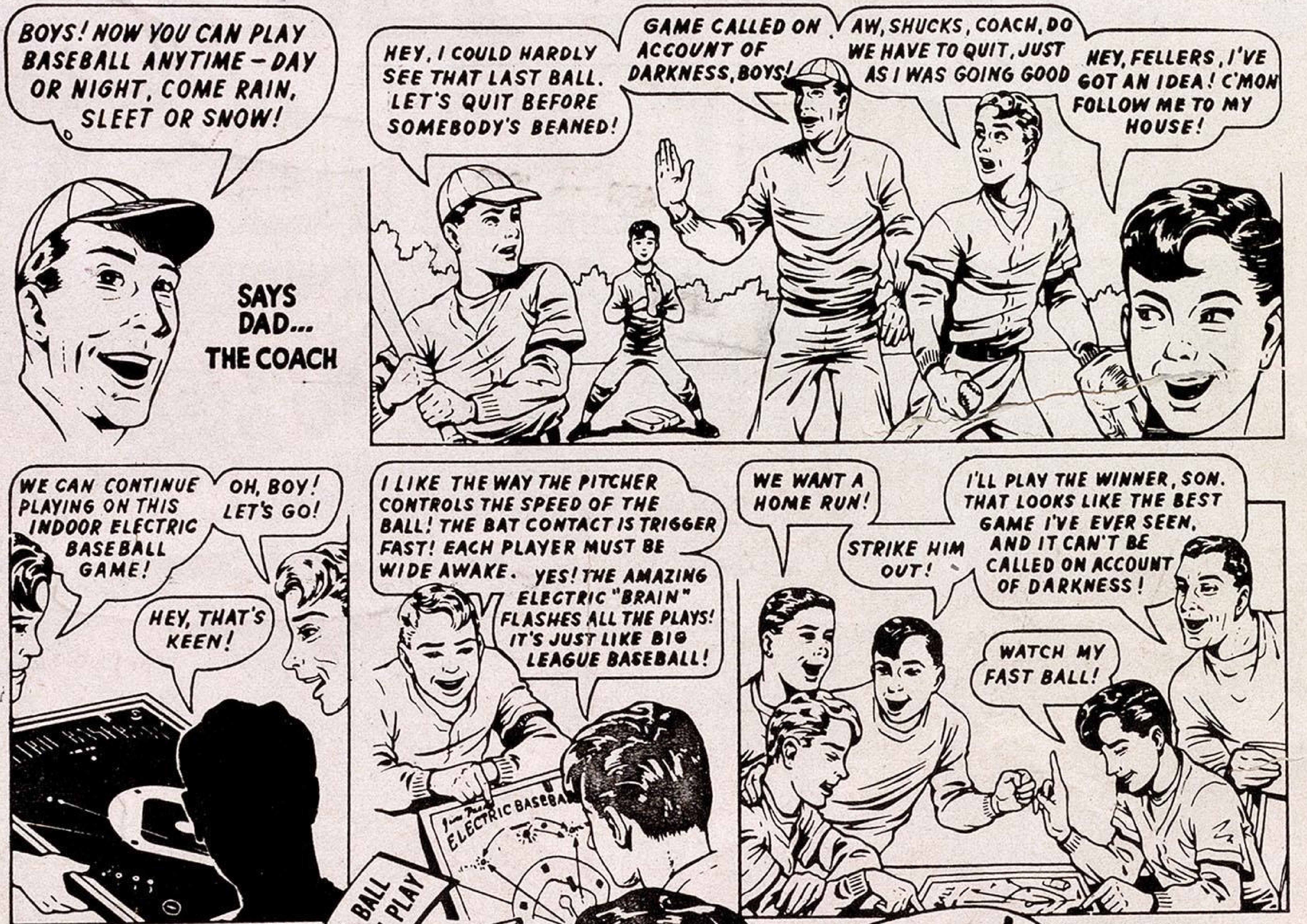
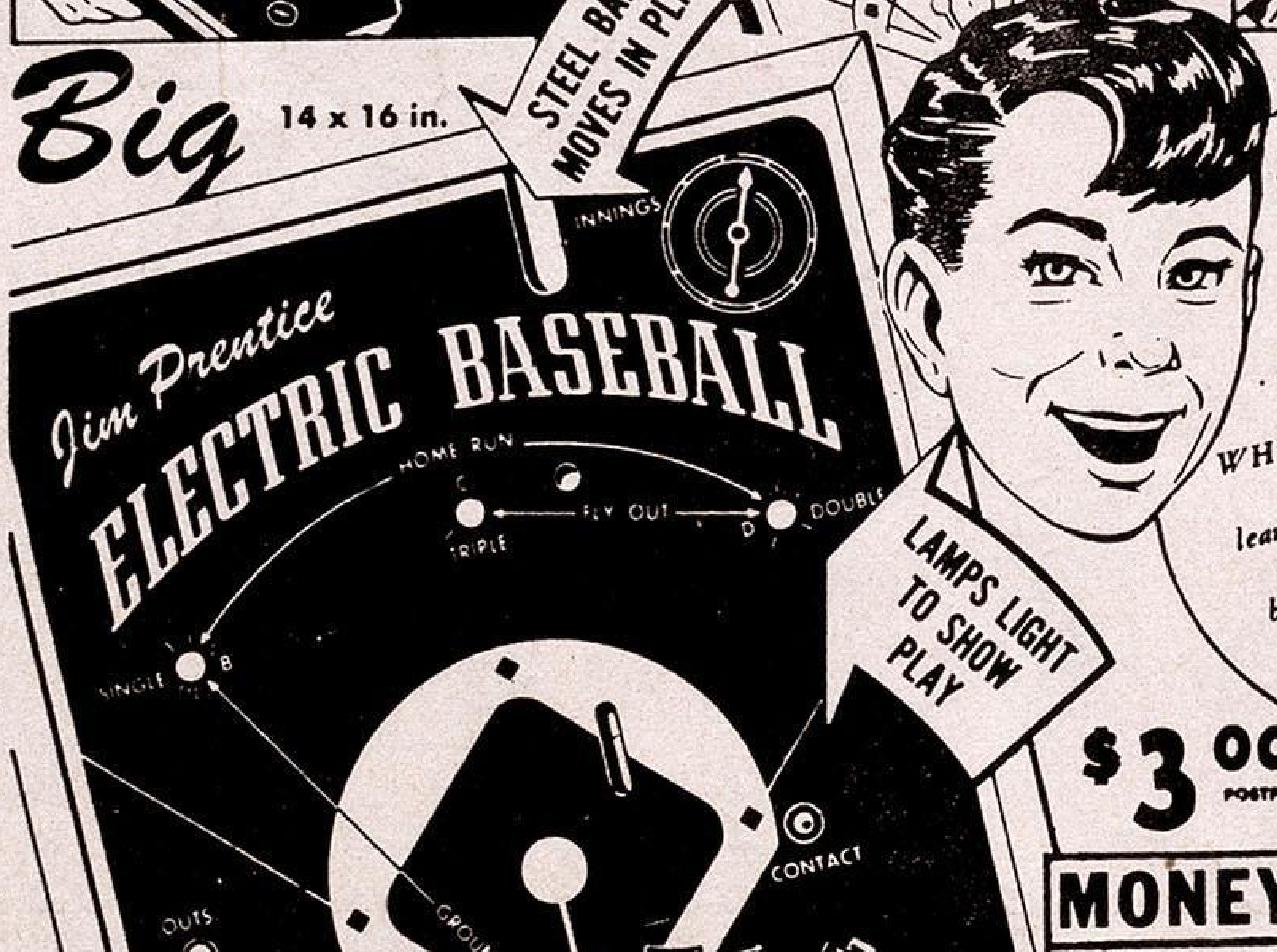
MARVEL COMIC


"THE ISLE OF NO RETURN!"

NEW! *Jim Prentice* SENSATIONAL, NEW 1949
IT'S A HIT! ELECTRIC BASEBALL

Made and Guaranteed by ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC., 912 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.


BOYS! NOW YOU CAN PLAY BASEBALL ANYTIME – DAY OR NIGHT, COME RAIN, SLEET OR SNOW!
SAYS DAD... THE COACH
HEY, I COULD HARDLY SEE THAT LAST BALL. LET'S QUIT BEFORE SOMEBODY'S BEANED!
GAME CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS, BOYS!
AW, SHUCKS, COACH, DO WE HAVE TO QUIT, JUST AS I WAS GOING GOOD
HEY, FELLERS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! C'MON FOLLOW ME TO MY HOUSE!
WE CAN CONTINUE PLAYING ON THIS INDOOR ELECTRIC BASEBALL GAME!
OH, BOY! LET'S GO!
HEY, THAT'S KEEN!
I LIKE THE WAY THE PITCHER CONTROLS THE SPEED OF THE BALL! THE BAT CONTACT IS TRIGGER FAST! EACH PLAYER MUST BE WIDE AWAKE.
YES! THE AMAZING ELECTRIC "BRAIN" FLASHES ALL THE PLAYS! IT'S JUST LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL!
Jim Prentice ELECTRIC BASEBALL
WE WANT A HOME RUN!
STRIKE HIM OUT!
I'LL PLAY THE WINNER, SON. THAT LOOKS LIKE THE BEST GAME I'VE EVER SEEN, AND IT CAN'T BE CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS!
WATCH MY FAST BALL!


Big 14 x 16 in.
STEEL BALL MOVES IN PLAY
INNINGS
Jim Prentice ELECTRIC BASEBALL
HOME RUN
FLY OUT
TRIPLE
DOUBLE
SINGLE
LAMPS LIGHT TO SHOW PLAY
CONTACT
OUTS
GROUNDER
RE SET
BUNT
OUT SAFE
OUTS RECORDER
UMPIRE RULES ON CLOSE PLAYS
LONG LIFE BATTERY

Hi, Fellers!

This great invention brings you all the fun, fast action, and zooming enthusiasm of sandlot games. Let's play . . . It's the last of the 9th . . . score tied . . . bases loaded. You are the last man up with 3 balls and 2 strikes. The next pitch is it! Will you WHAM a homer or WHIFF the breeze? Hero or dud? Batter must be sharp to "contact" the steel ball as it zings through the slot at homeplate. He learns the fine points, when to bunt, smash it or sacrifice. The play of the game packs every minute full of spine-tingling thrills, breath-taking excitement, just like big league ball games. And, you will never get enough, though you play it 1000 times. Size 14 x 16 in. with big yellow frame, substantially built.

$3.00 POSTPAID

Special Price! If you act today you can get your game at the special pre-season price of $3.00, complete with new extra long-life (5-times) battery, ready to play. Or, if you prefer, pin $1 to this ad and pay the postman the balance $2.00 on delivery. WE PAY POSTAGE AND COLLECTION CHARGES.

ALL GAMES POSTPAID

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE 5 DAYS TRIAL

ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC.
912 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

$3.00	$2.50	
BASEBALL	FOOTBALL	AMOUNT ENCLOSED

COD. Send $1. Postman collects balance.

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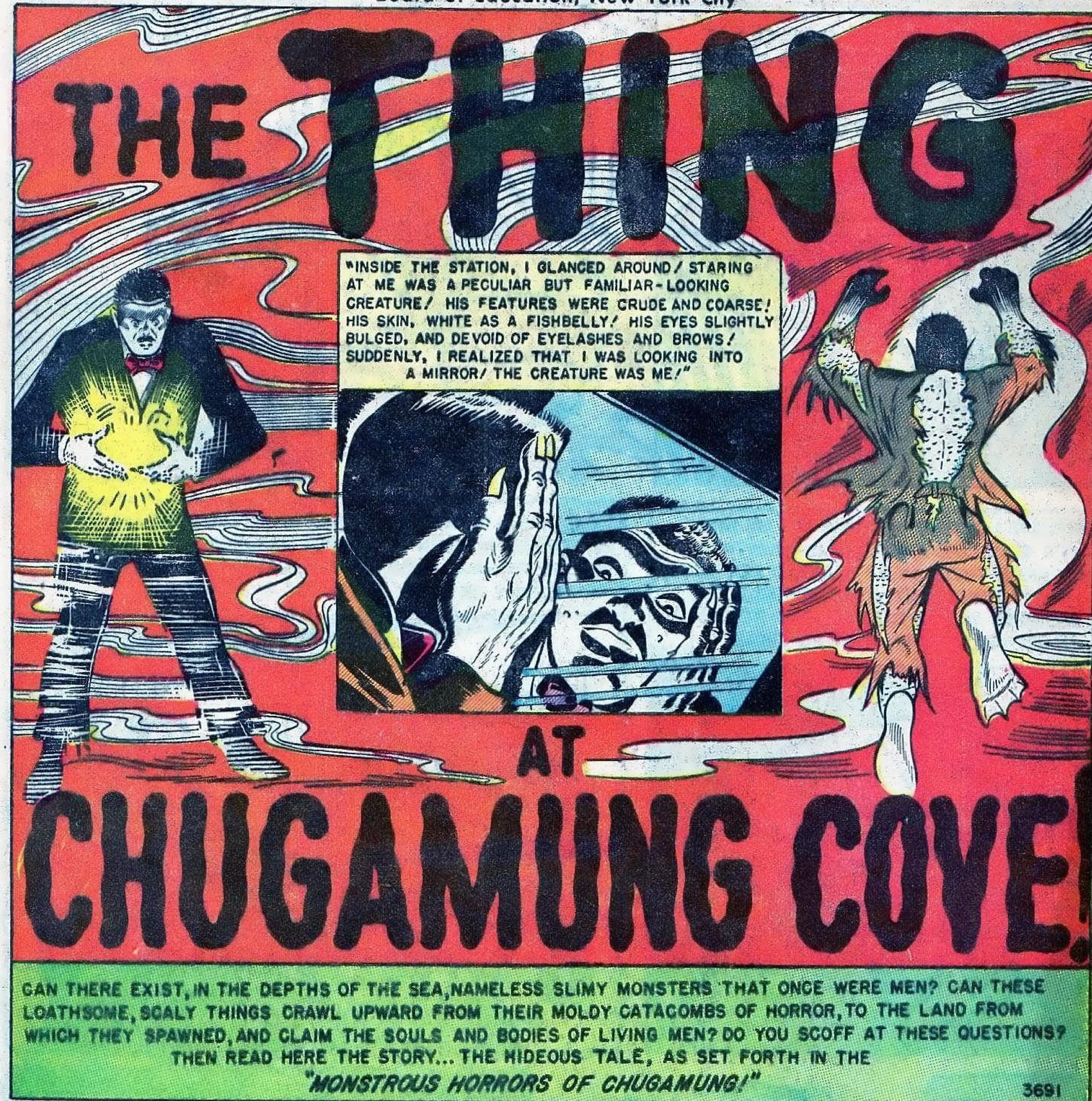
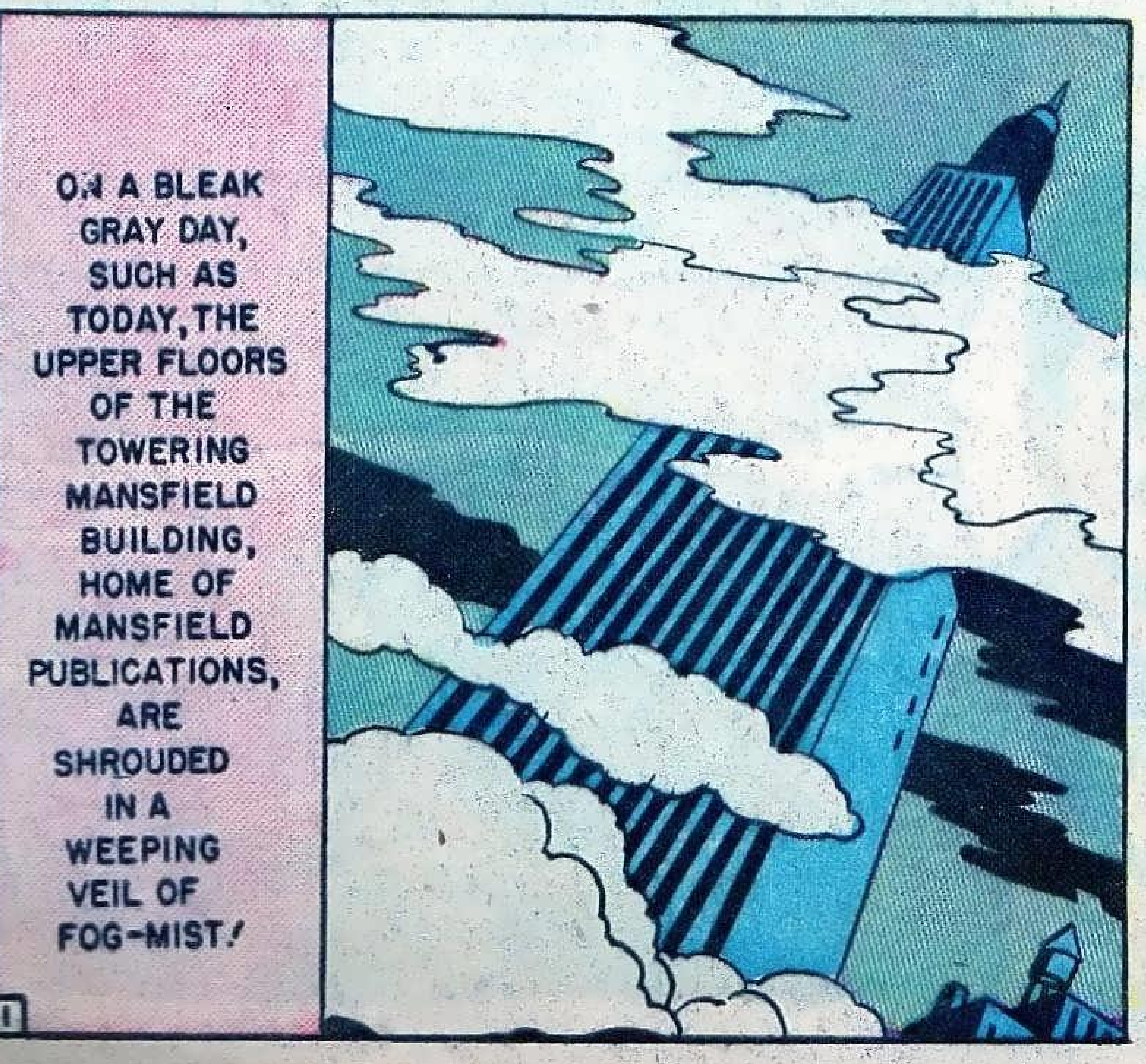
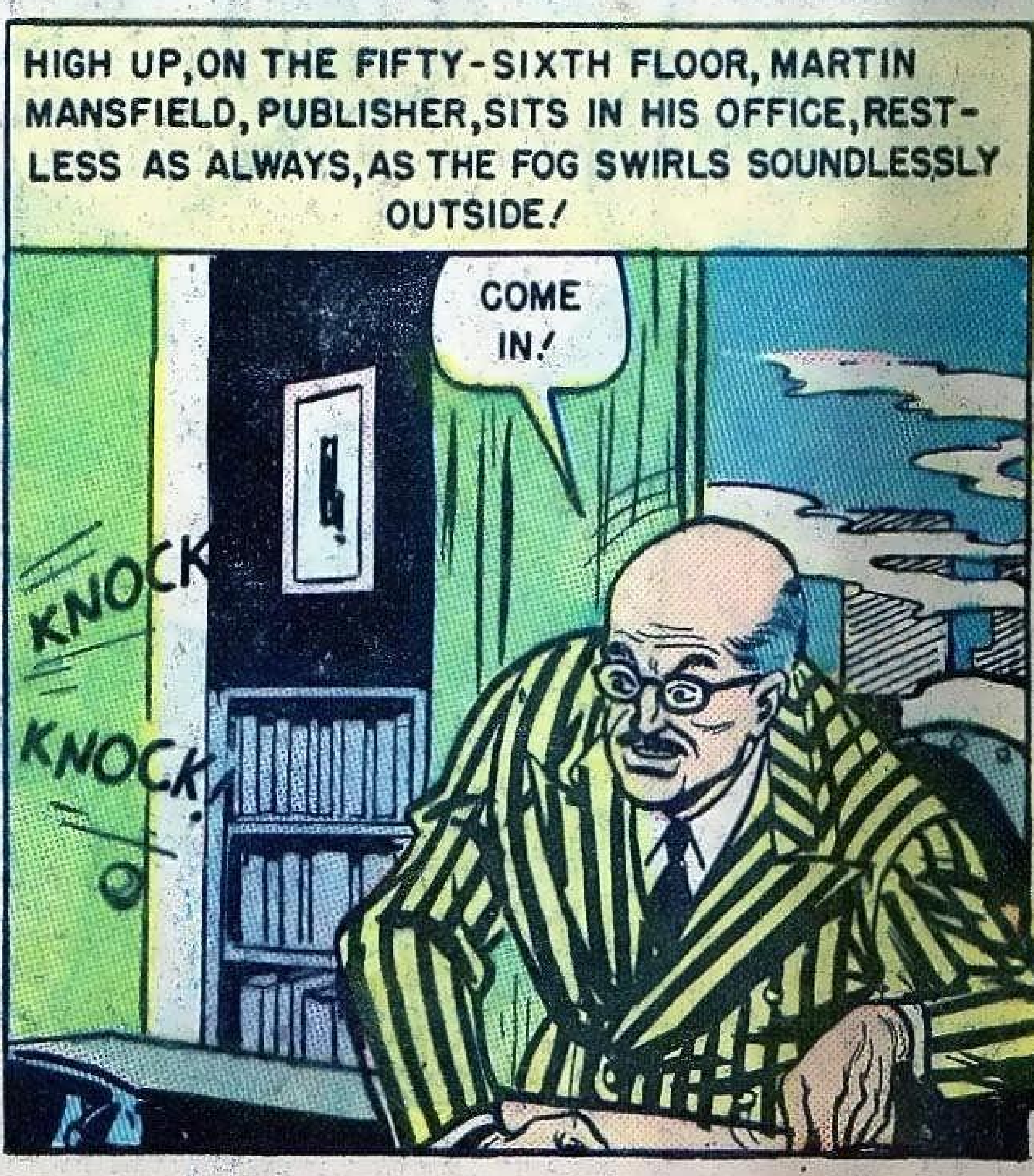
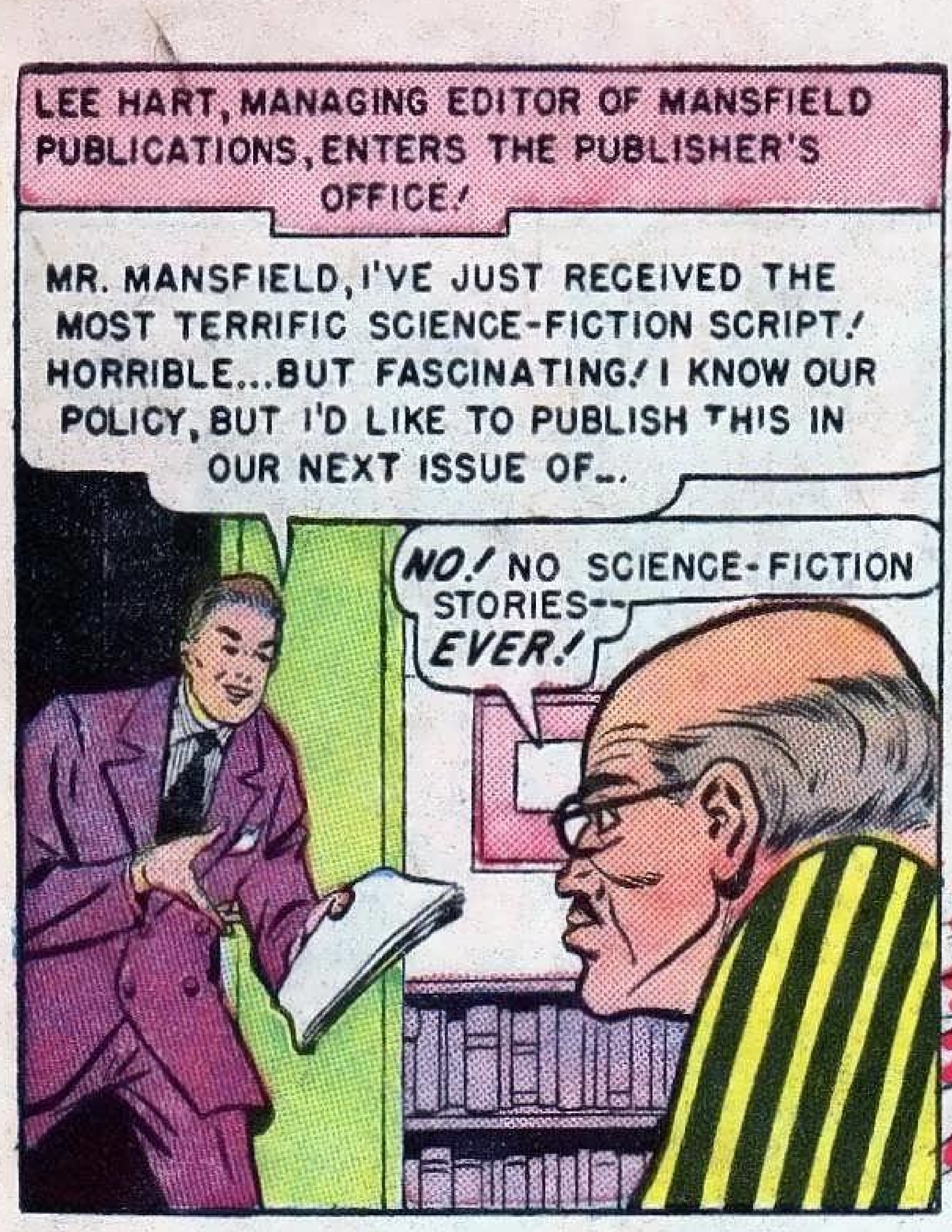
Editorial Consultant: Jean Thompson, M. D., Psychiatrist, Child Guidance Bureau; Board of Education, New York City

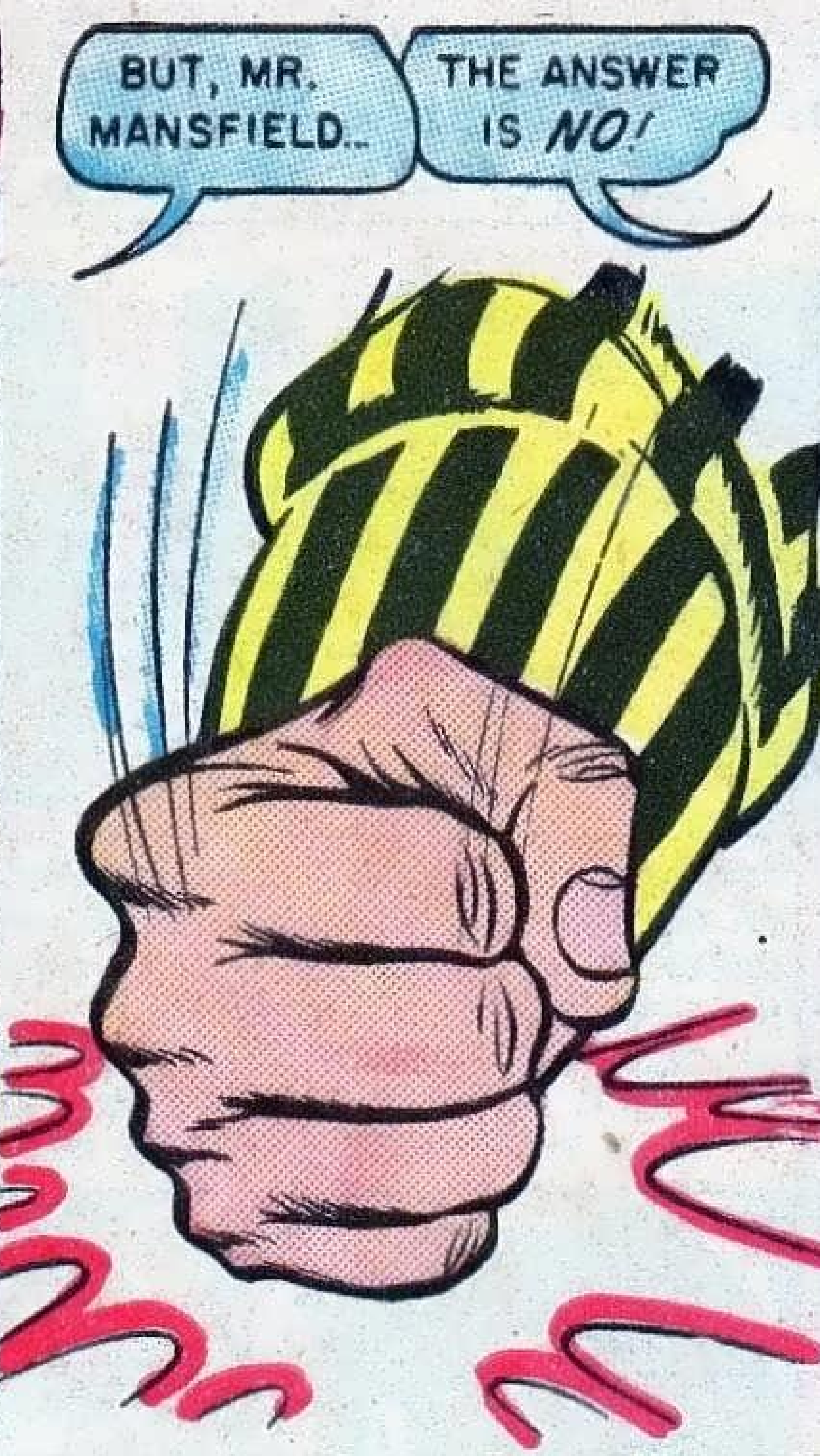
THE THING AT CHUGAMUNG COVE!

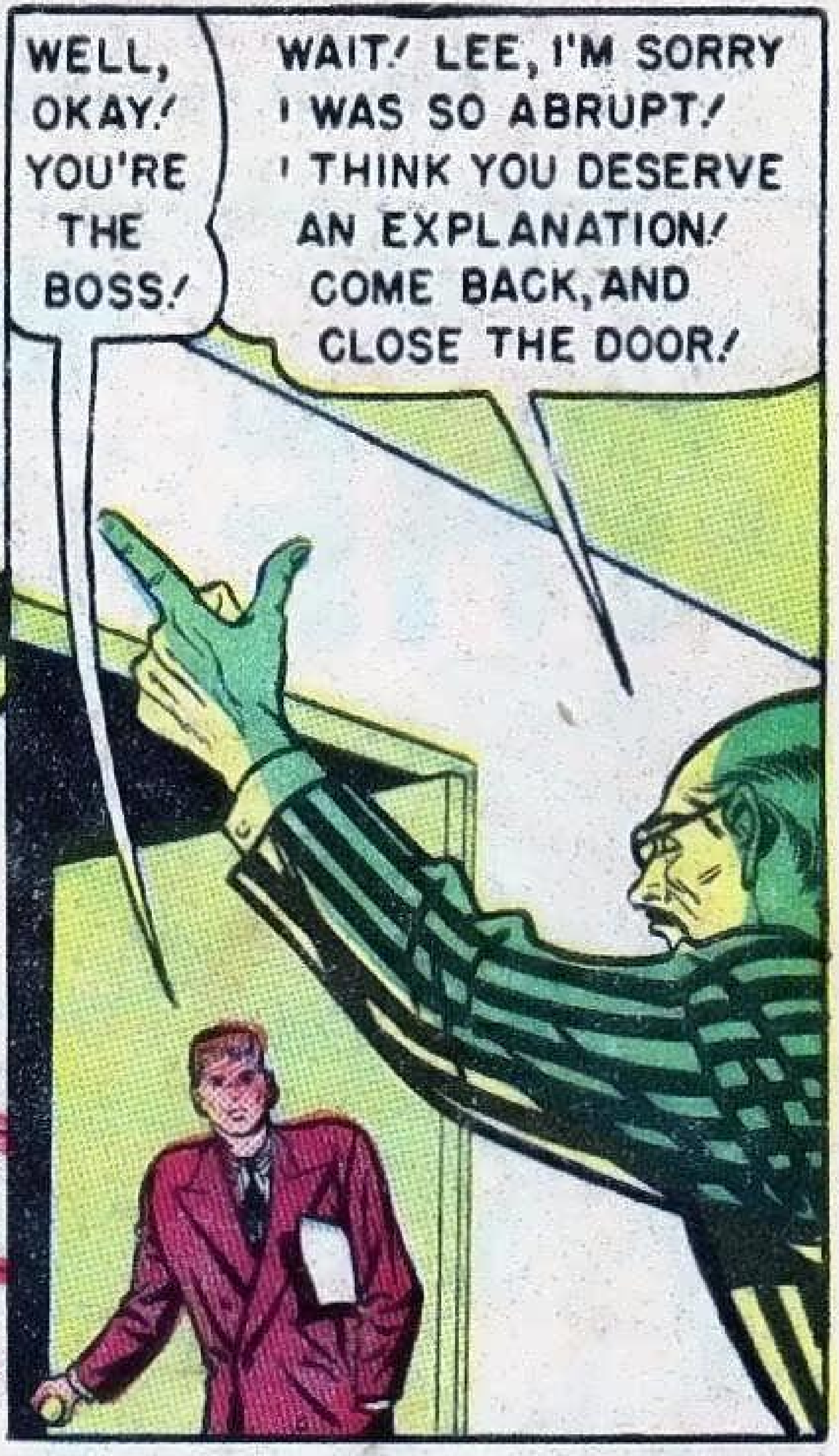

THE THING
"INSIDE THE STATION, I GLANCED AROUND! STARING AT ME WAS A PECULIAR BUT FAMILIAR-LOOKING CREATURE! HIS FEATURES WERE CRUDE AND COARSE! HIS SKIN, WHITE AS A FISHBELLY! HIS EYES SLIGHTLY BULGED, AND DEVOID OF EYELASHES AND BROWS! SUDDENLY, I REALIZED THAT I WAS LOOKING INTO A MIRROR! THE CREATURE WAS ME!"
AT CHUGAMUNG COVE!
CAN THERE EXIST, IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA, NAMELESS SLIMY MONSTERS THAT ONCE WERE MEN? CAN THESE LOATHSOME, SCALY THINGS CRAWL UPWARD FROM THEIR MOLDY CATACOMBS OF HORROR, TO THE LAND FROM WHICH THEY SPAWNED, AND CLAIM THE SOULS AND BODIES OF LIVING MEN? DO YOU SCOFF AT THESE QUESTIONS? THEN READ HERE THE STORY... THE HIDEOUS TALE, AS SET FORTH IN THE "MONSTROUS HORRORS OF CHUGAMUNG!"
3691

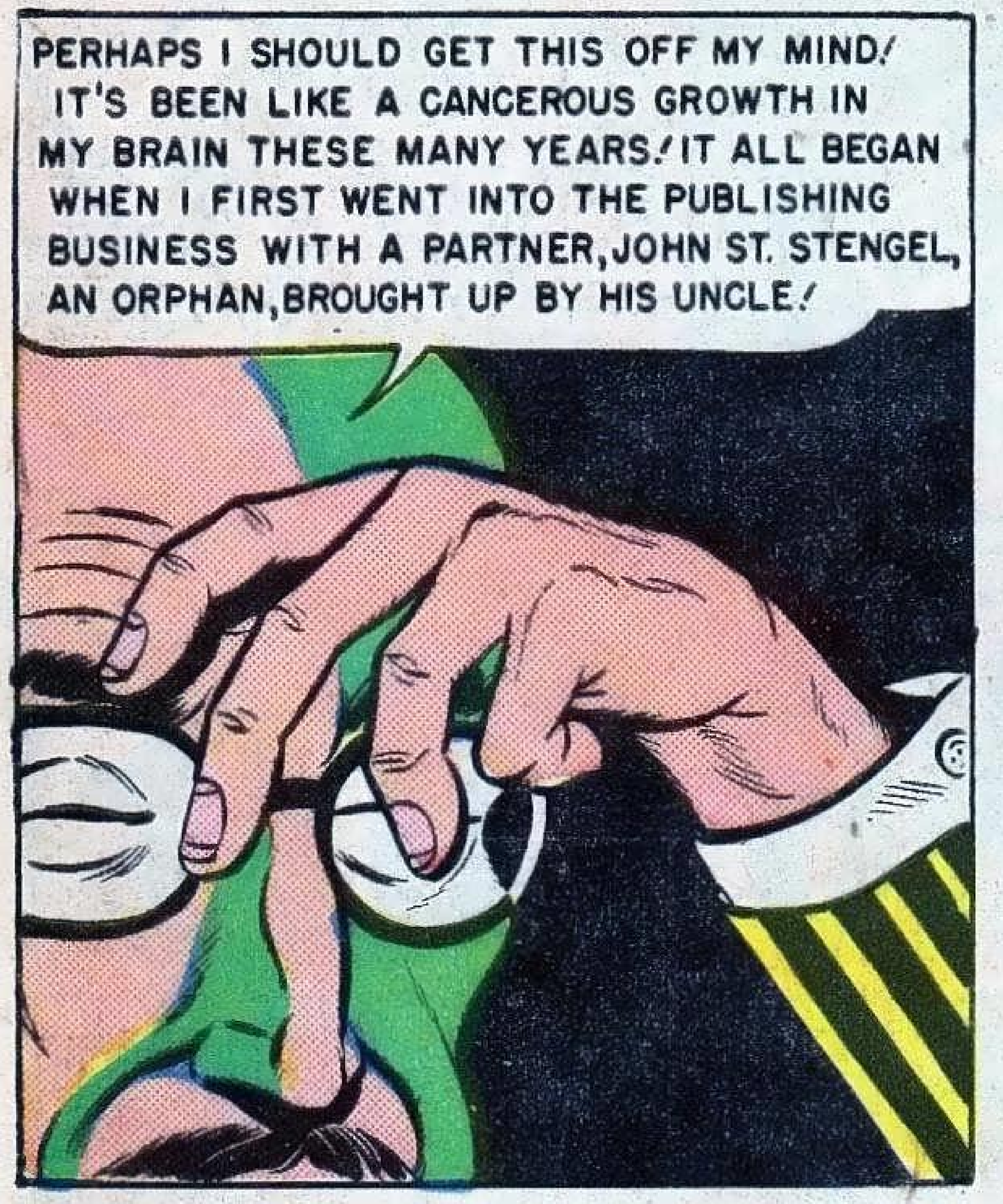

ON A BLEAK GRAY DAY, SUCH AS TODAY, THE UPPER FLOORS OF THE TOWERING MANSFIELD BUILDING, HOME OF MANSFIELD PUBLICATIONS, ARE SHROUDED IN A WEEPING VEIL OF FOG-MIST!
1

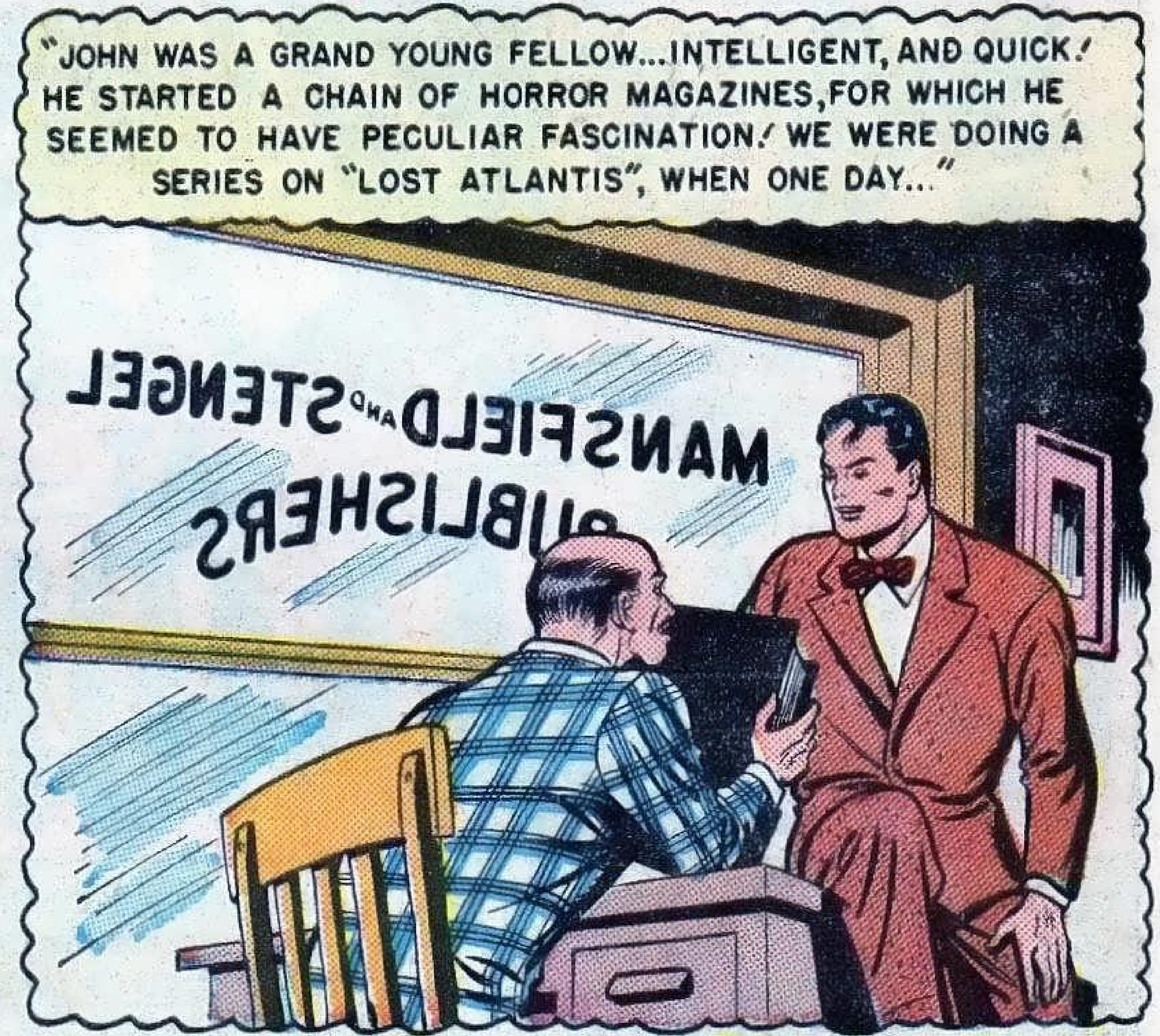

HIGH UP, ON THE FIFTY-SIXTH FLOOR, MARTIN MANSFIELD, PUBLISHER, SITS IN HIS OFFICE, RESTLESS AS ALWAYS, AS THE FOG SWIRLS SOUNDLESSLY OUTSIDE!
COME IN!
KNOCK
KNOCK

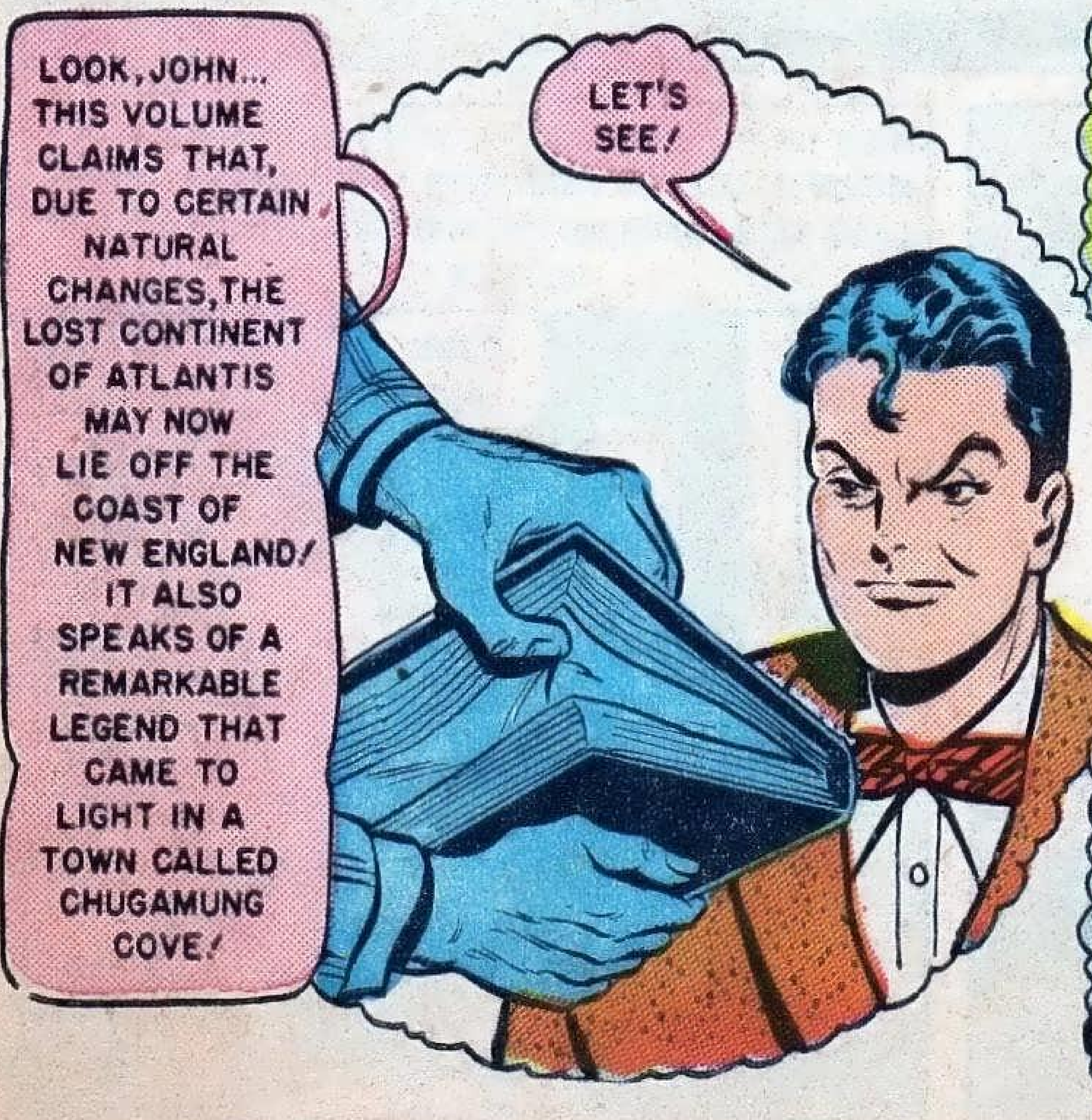

LEE HART, MANAGING EDITOR OF MANSFIELD PUBLICATIONS, ENTERS THE PUBLISHER'S OFFICE!
MR. MANSFIELD, I'VE JUST RECEIVED THE MOST TERRIFIC SCIENCE-FICTION SCRIPT! HORRIBLE... BUT FASCINATING! I KNOW OUR POLICY, BUT I'D LIKE TO PUBLISH THIS IN OUR NEXT ISSUE OF...
NO! NO SCIENCE-FICTION STORIES-- EVER!

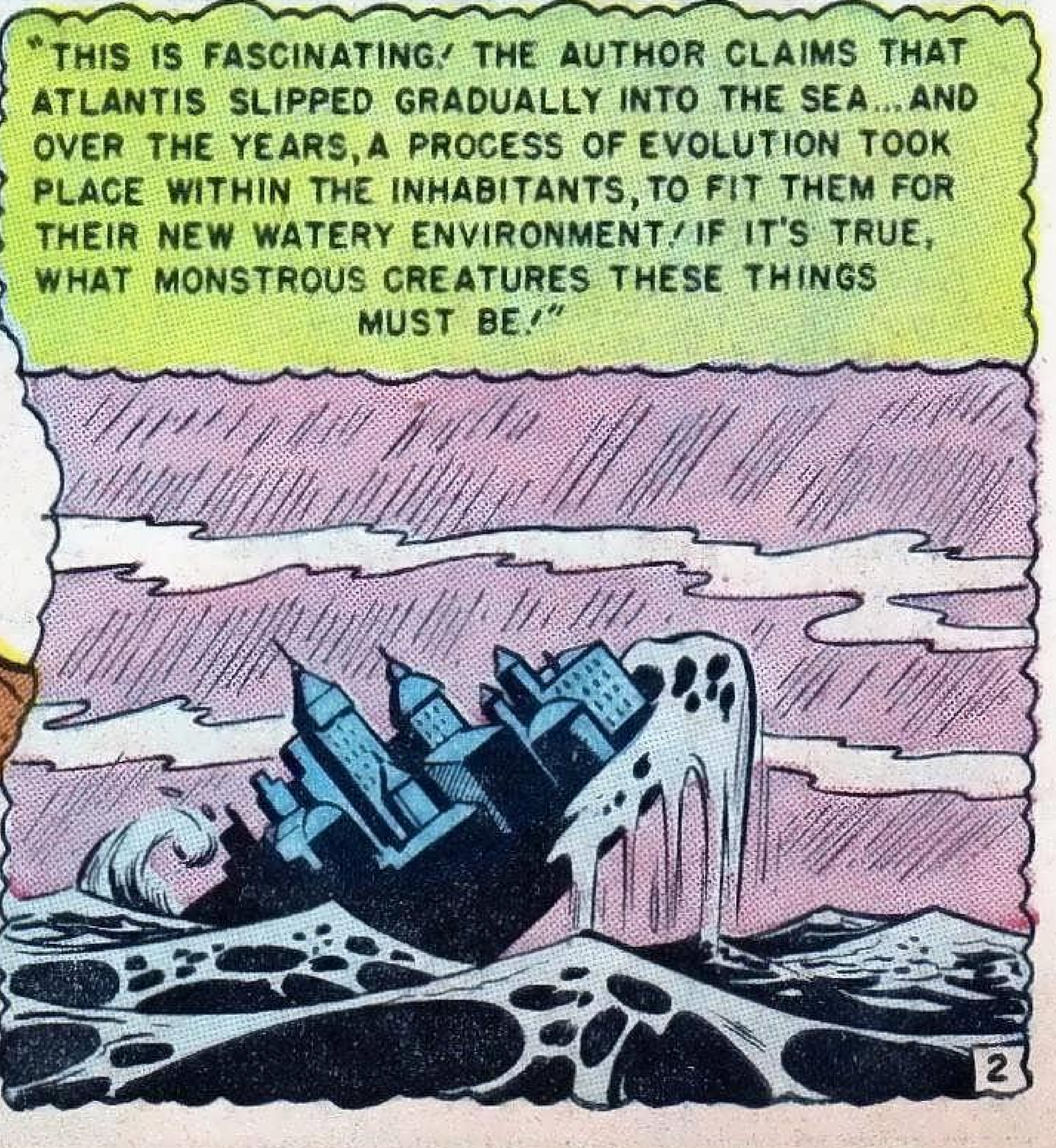

BUT, MR. MANSFIELD..
THE ANSWER IS NO!


WELL, OKAY! YOU'RE THE BOSS!
WAIT! LEE, I'M SORRY I WAS SO ABRUPT! I THINK YOU DESERVE AN EXPLANATION! COME BACK, AND CLOSE THE DOOR!


PERHAPS I SHOULD GET THIS OFF MY MIND! IT'S BEEN LIKE A CANCEROUS GROWTH IN MY BRAIN THESE MANY YEARS! IT ALL BEGAN WHEN I FIRST WENT INTO THE PUBLISHING BUSINESS WITH A PARTNER, JOHN ST. STENGEL, AN ORPHAN, BROUGHT UP BY HIS UNCLE!


"JOHN WAS A GRAND YOUNG FELLOW... INTELLIGENT, AND QUICK! HE STARTED A CHAIN OF HORROR MAGAZINES, FOR WHICH HE SEEMED TO HAVE PECULIAR FASCINATION! WE WERE DOING A SERIES ON "LOST ATLANTIS", WHEN ONE DAY..."
MANSFIELD AND STENGEL
PUBLISHERS

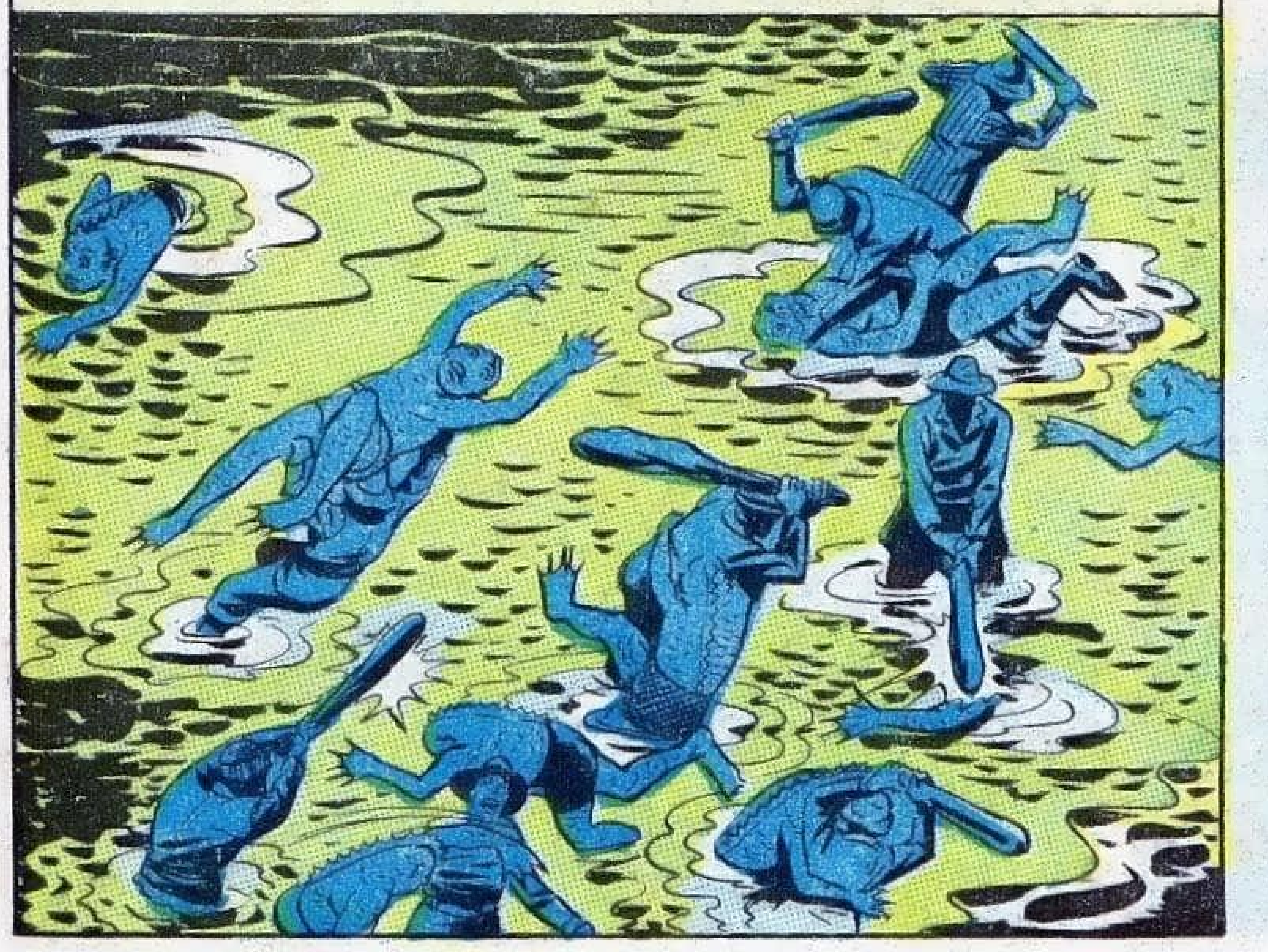

LOOK, JOHN... THIS VOLUME CLAIMS THAT, DUE TO CERTAIN NATURAL CHANGES, THE LOST CONTINENT OF ATLANTIS MAY NOW LIE OFF THE COAST OF NEW ENGLAND! IT ALSO SPEAKS OF A REMARKABLE LEGEND THAT CAME TO LIGHT IN A TOWN CALLED CHUGAMUNG COVE!
LET'S SEE!


"THIS IS FASCINATING! THE AUTHOR CLAIMS THAT ATLANTIS SLIPPED GRADUALLY INTO THE SEA... AND OVER THE YEARS, A PROCESS OF EVOLUTION TOOK PLACE WITHIN THE INHABITANTS, TO FIT THEM FOR THEIR NEW WATERY ENVIRONMENT! IF IT'S TRUE, WHAT MONSTROUS CREATURES THESE THINGS MUST BE!"

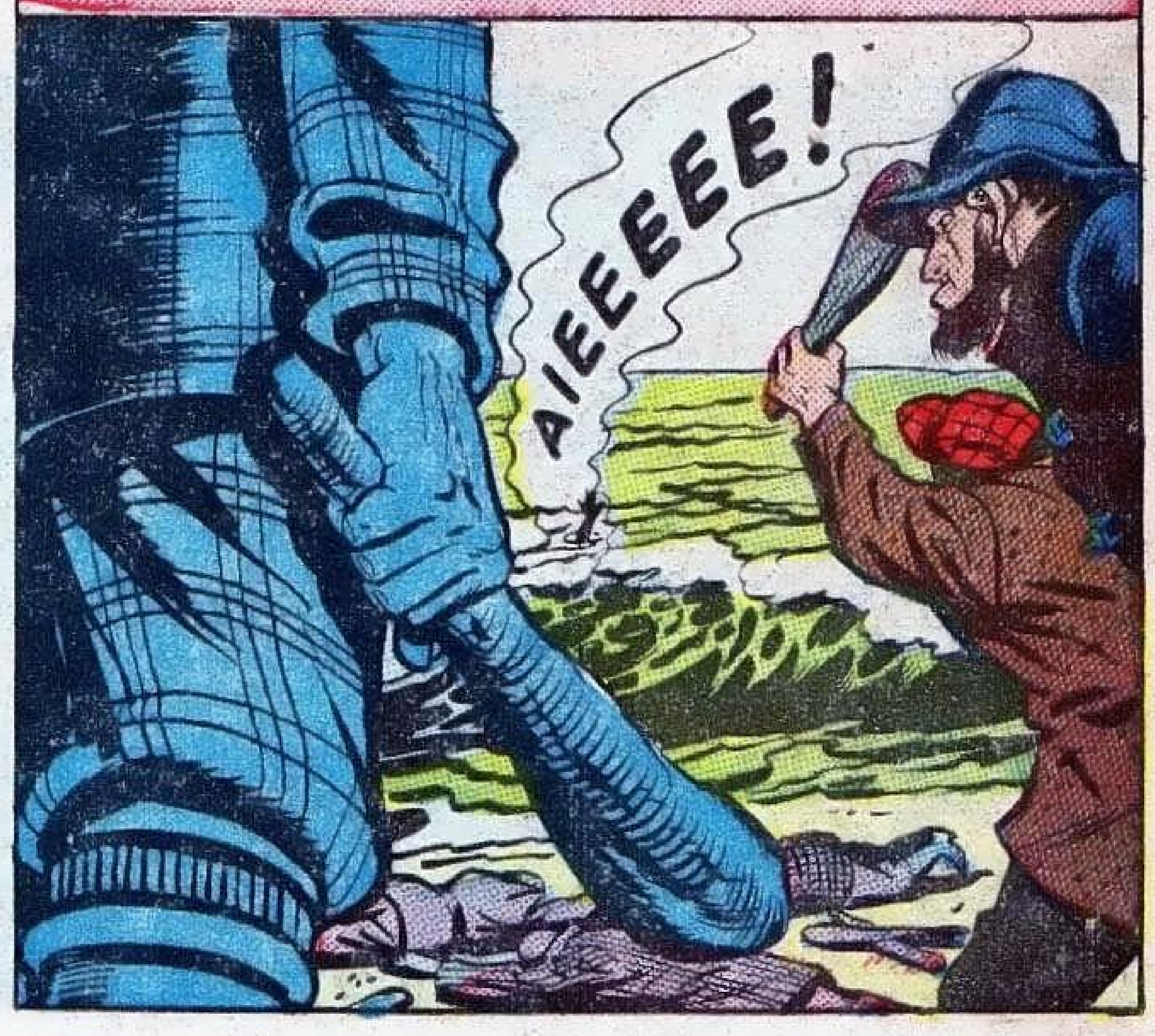
JOHN, WHY DON'T YOU AND MARIE TAKE A RUN DOWN TO CHUGAMUNG COVE, AND DIG INTO THIS? IT WILL BE A SECOND HONEYMOON FOR BOTH OF YOU!
MARIE WOULD LOVE IT! NEXT MONTH IS OUR FIRST ANNIVERSARY, BUT WELL, MARTIN.. YOU KNOW HOW I *HATE THE SEA!*
NONSENSE, JOHN! YOU'RE ALMOST TWENTY-FIVE! YOU'RE A BIG BOY, NOW! THIS TRIP MAY CURE YOU OF THAT ADOLESCENT FEAR!
ALL RIGHT, MARTIN... I'LL GO! MARIE WILL ENJOY THE CHANGE, I'M SURE!
"WEEK FOLLOWED WEEK, AND NO WORD CAME FROM JOHN! I BEGAN TO WONDER...TO WORRY! THEN, ONE DEVILISH, STORMY MORNING, JUST AS I REACHED THE BREAKING POINT..."
MR. MANSFIELD, THESE JUST CAME...A LETTER, AND PACKAGE FROM MR ST. STENGEL!
QUICK! GIVE THEM TO ME!
"I RIPPED OPEN THE ENVELOPE, AND READ THE INCOHERENT NOTE, WRITTEN IN A CRUDE SCRAWL, SO UNLIKE JOHN'S PRECISE PENMANSHIP! AS I READ I COULD FEEL THE CHILL OF A NAMELESS HORROR SCRAWL UP MY SPINE, AND SETTLE, MOCKINGLY, IN MY BRAIN!"
Martin, my hands are- it's horrible! Find Marie! It's all in the diary! Read it, and you'll understand! Good-bye and God bless you! John St. Stengel
"WITH SHAKING HANDS I UNWRAPPED THE DIARY, AND FEVERISHLY STARTED TO READ! THE RAIN HAMMERED WITH A STACCATO RMYTHM AT THE WINDOW... BUT AS I READ, THE ROOM RECEDED, AND LEFT ME ALONE.."
"WITH THE DIARY OF JOHN ST. STENGEL!"
ARRIVED SAFELY... CHUGAMUNG COVE DESERTED... HOUSES LIKE EMPTY SHELLS! RAIN, RAIN, RAIN... ALL THE TIME! TOOK SHELTER IN OLD FISHERMAN'S CABIN...THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS... IT'S SLIMY! HATE TO ADMIT IT... BUT, I'M *AFRAID!*
JOHN, AREN'T WE GOING TO LOOK FOR THAT OLD LIBRARY?
MARIE! YOU STARTLED ME, DEAR! SURE... WE'LL GET GOING RIGHT AWAY!

"WE SET OFF THROUGH THE WET FOG TO FIND THE LIBRARY! I TRIED TO BE LIGHT AND GAY WITH MARIE, BUT SOME SENSE OF EVIL, OF IMPENDING DOOM, MADE A TRAVESTY OF OUR HOLIDAY!"
THIS MUST BE IT! GHOSTLY LOOKING, ISN'T IT?
LET'S GO IN, AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND THE RECORDS YOU'RE LOOKING FOR! THIS . . THIS WHOLE PLACE GIVES ME THE SHIVERS! I WANT TO GET BACK TO SOME PLACE WHERE THE SUN SHINES!
CHUGAMUNG HISTORICAL LIBRARY
"INSIDE, THE ODOR OF DEATH AND DECAY WAS OVERPOWERING! SOON, WE WERE BLOTCHED WITH A WET, REEKING FUNGUS, THAT SEEMED TO COVER EVERYTHING!"
UGH! SPIDERS, BATS, LIZARDS... AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT ALL! JOHN, I'M GOING BACK TO THE SHACK, AND MAKE SOME COFFEE!
GO AHEAD, DEAR! I'LL GRUB AROUND A LITTLE LONGER!
"I WAS ABOUT TO QUIT FOR THE DAY, WHEN I FOUND IT! DOWN IN THE CRYPT OF THE LIBRARY, A NOISOME, FETID PLACE, I CAME UPON AN OLD VOLUME OF CHUGAMUNG COVE HISTORY AND LEGENDS!"
THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!
"I BEGAN TO READ.. THE WORDS POURED FORTH FROM THE MUSTY TOME, LIKE TINY SNAKES OF HORROR, WRITHING AND CRAWLING INSIDE MY SKULL!"
THIS... THIS IS *MONSTROUS!*
"IN MY MIND... LEGEND CAME TO LIFE! OUT OF THE PAST, I SAW SWARMS OF BESTIAL, ONCE-HUMAN THINGS, THE INHABITANTS OF LOST ATLANTIS, SWARM UP FROM THE SLIMY DEPTHS OF THE SEA, TO TRY ONCE MORE TO COME BACK TO THE LAND OF LIGHT AND SUNSHINE!"

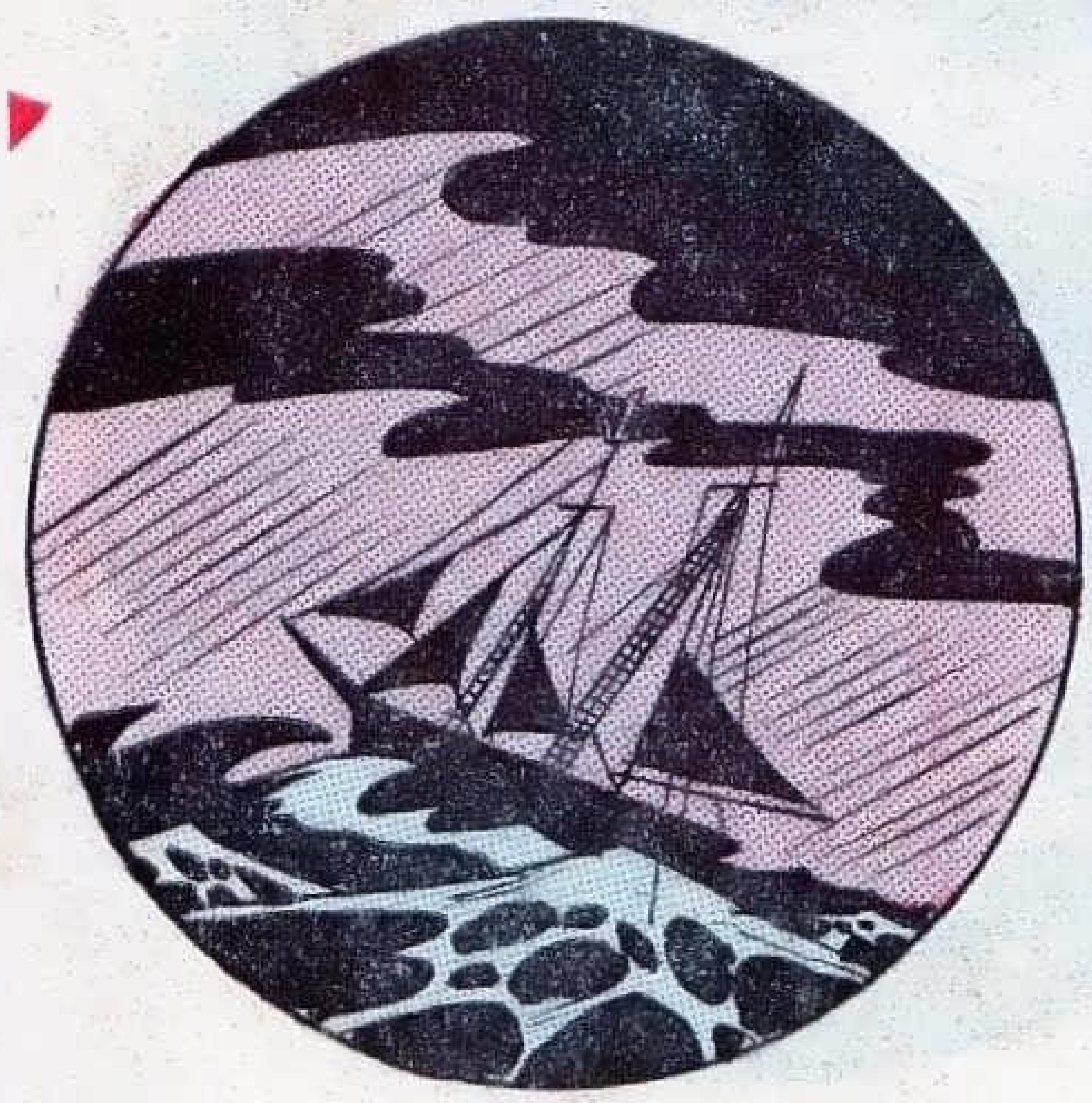
"SEETHING, SURGING, BUBBLING LIKE SERPENTS' SLIME, I SAW THE AWFUL FROG-LIKE MONSTROSITIES DRIVEN BACK BY THE PEOPLE OF CHUGAMUNG... BACK TO THE UNKNOWN CATACOMBS FROM WHICH THEY SPEWED!"



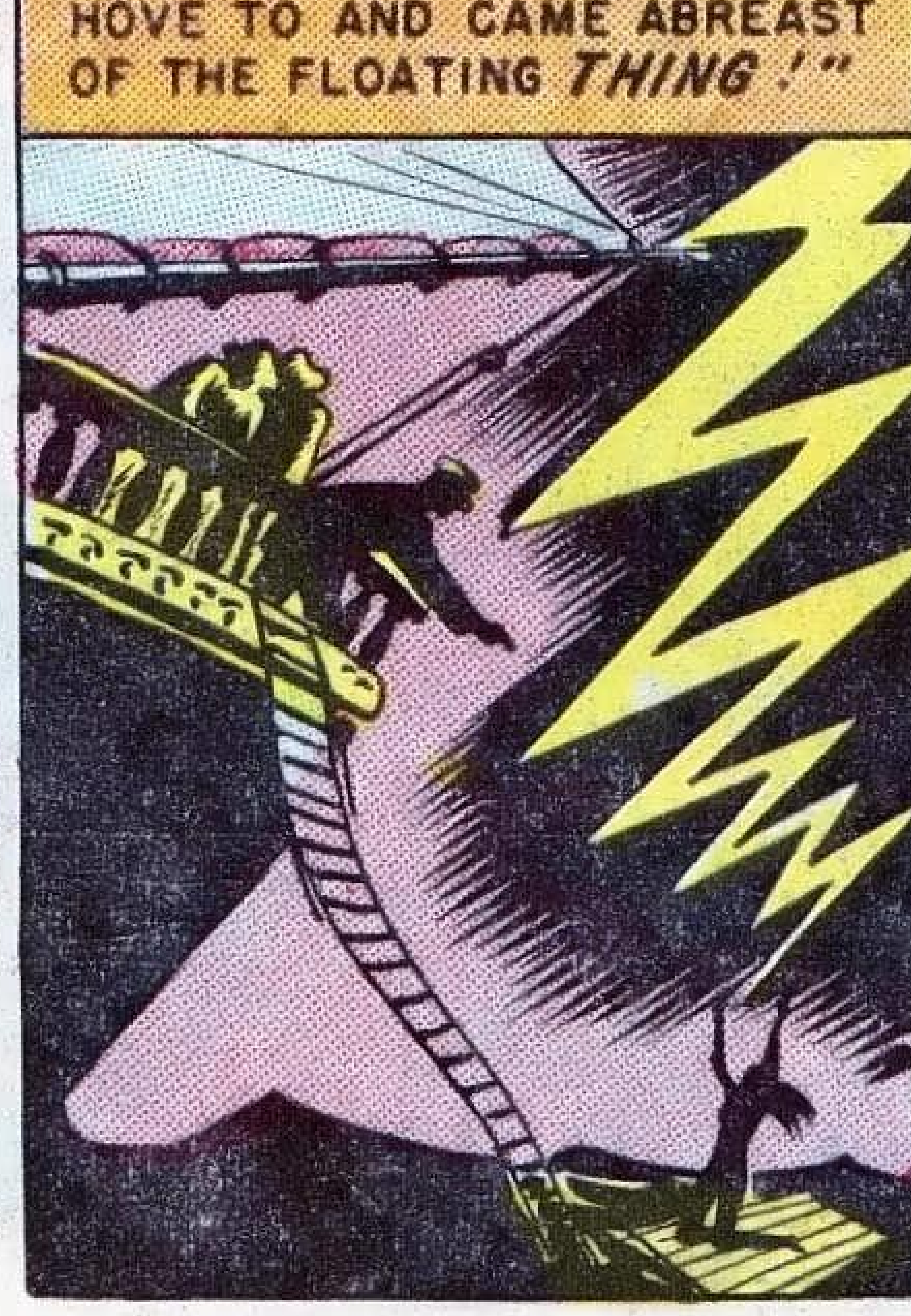
"AS THE GREEN DEPTHS CLOSED OVER THE LAST BEAST-HEAD, AN AWFUL, CROAKING CRY OF VENGEANCE BUBBLED UP FROM THE COLD, CHURNING WATERS OF THE COVE!"



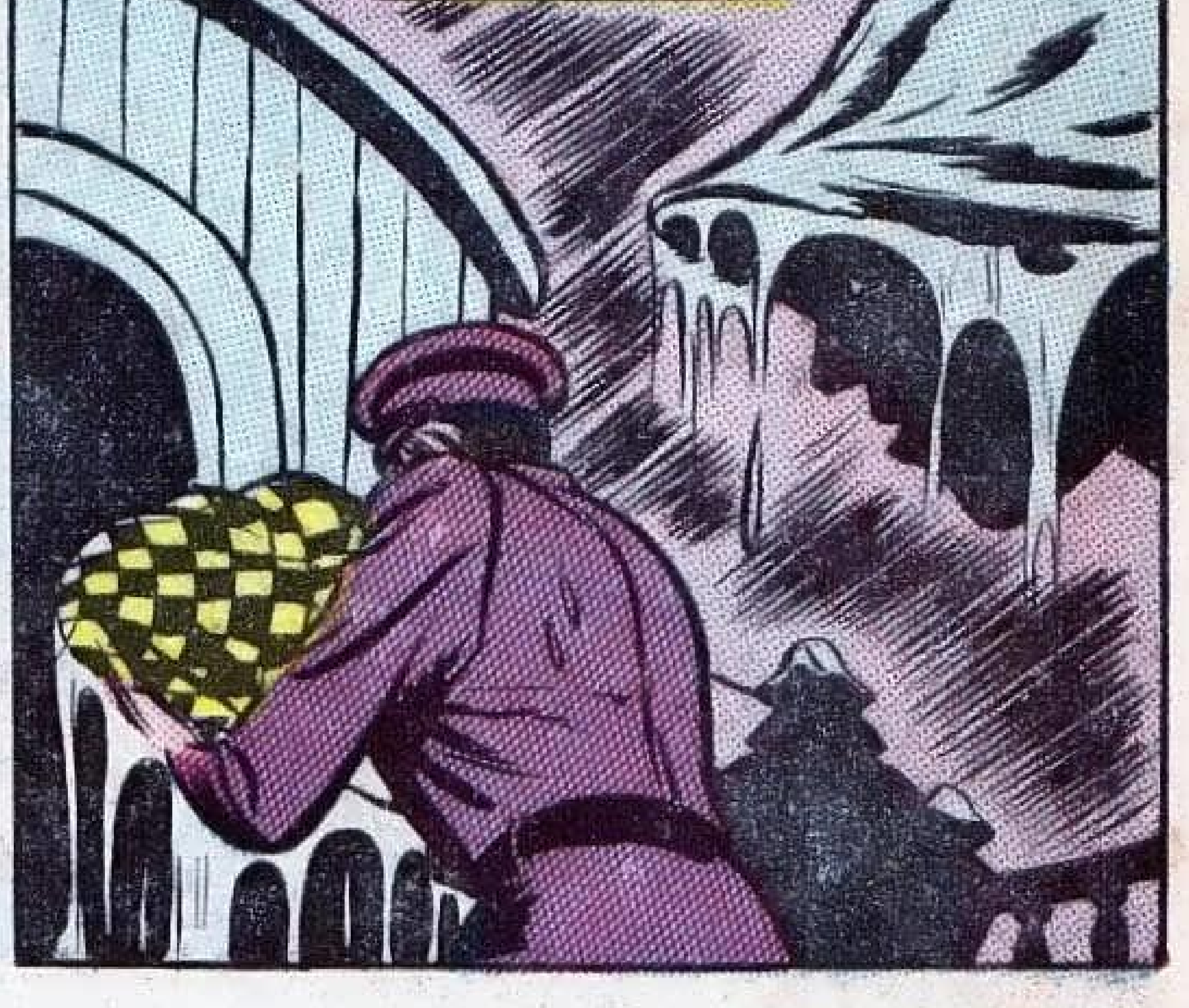
"THE WORDS OF THE VOLUME RACED ON! YEARS HAD PASSED SINCE THE DEFEAT OF THESE SEA-THINGS, WHEN A SMALL SCHOONER OUTSIDE OF CHUGAMUNG COVE RAN INTO A LASHING GALE!"



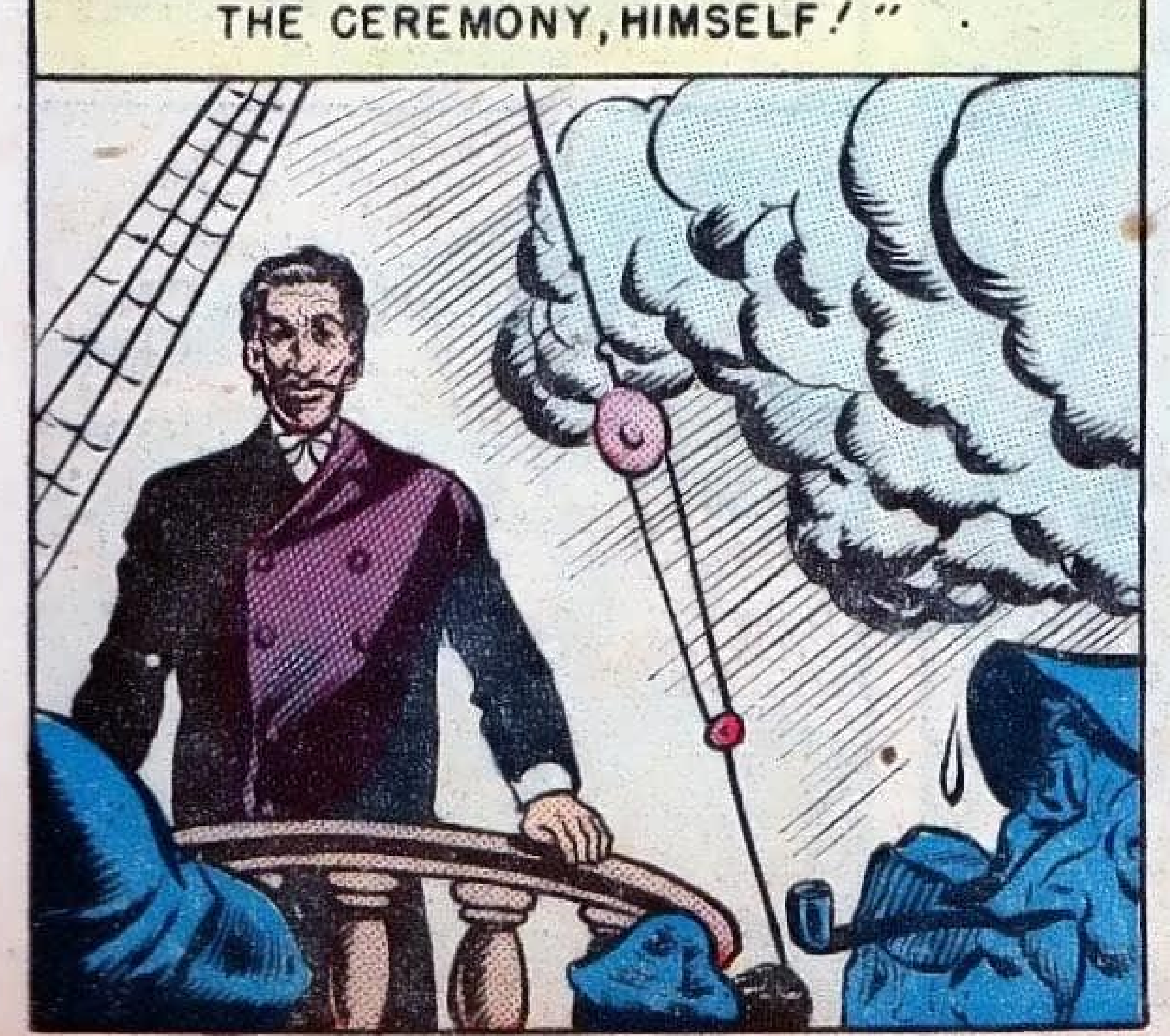
"THE CAPTAIN SAW SOMETHING FLOATING ON THE WATER! IT WAS ALIVE! THE LITTLE SHIP HOVE TO AND CAME ABREAST OF THE FLOATING *THING*!"



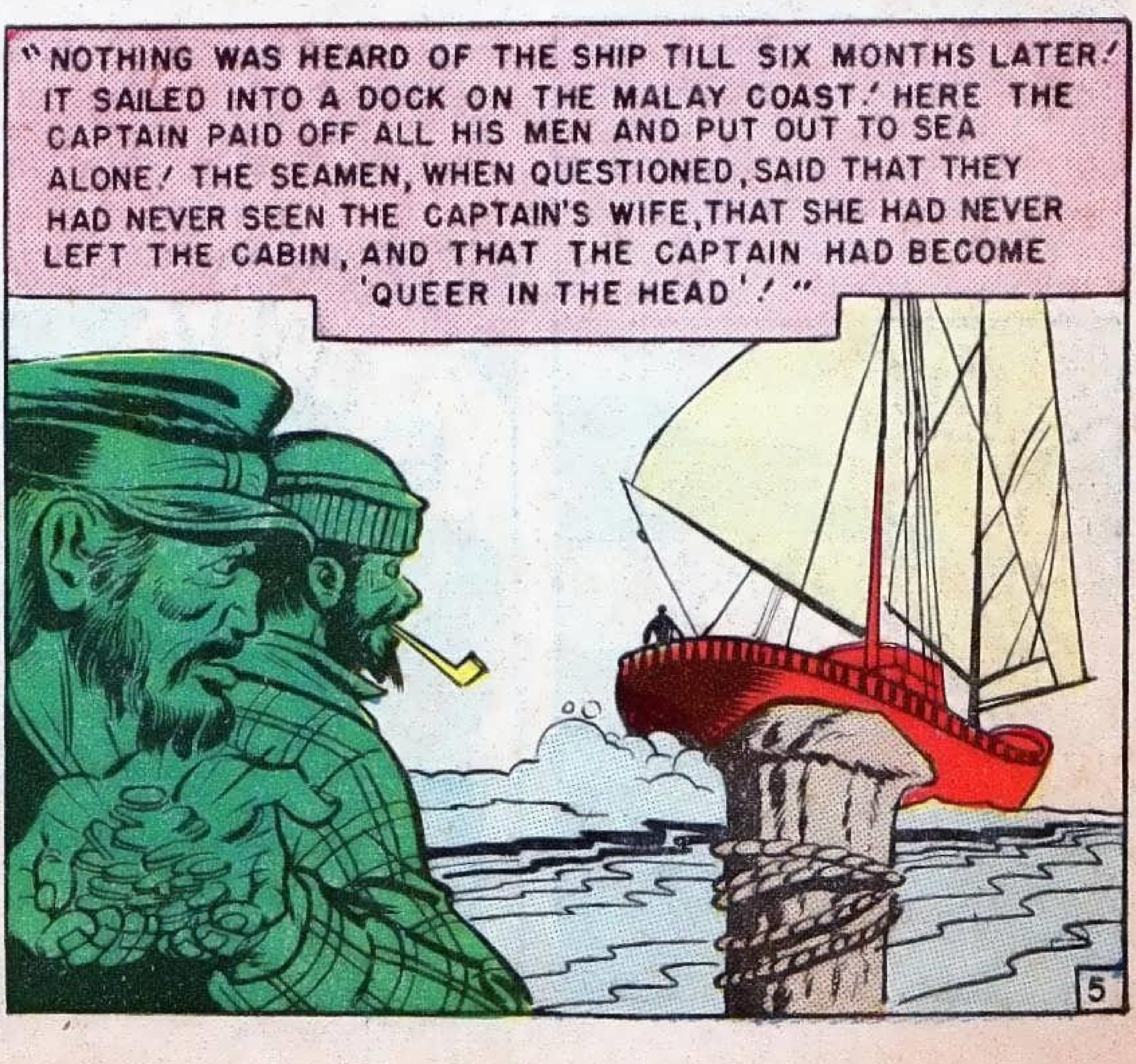
"THE BEING IN THE WATER CLUTCHED THE LADDER AND CLIMBED ABOARD! COVERED BY THE SLIME OF THE SEA, IT WAS NEVERTHELESS RECOGNIZED BY THE SEAMEN TO BE A WOMAN, IN THE QUICK GLIMPSE THEY HAD BEFORE THE CAPTAIN ENSHROUDED HER WITH BLANKETS AND CARRIED HER BELOW!"

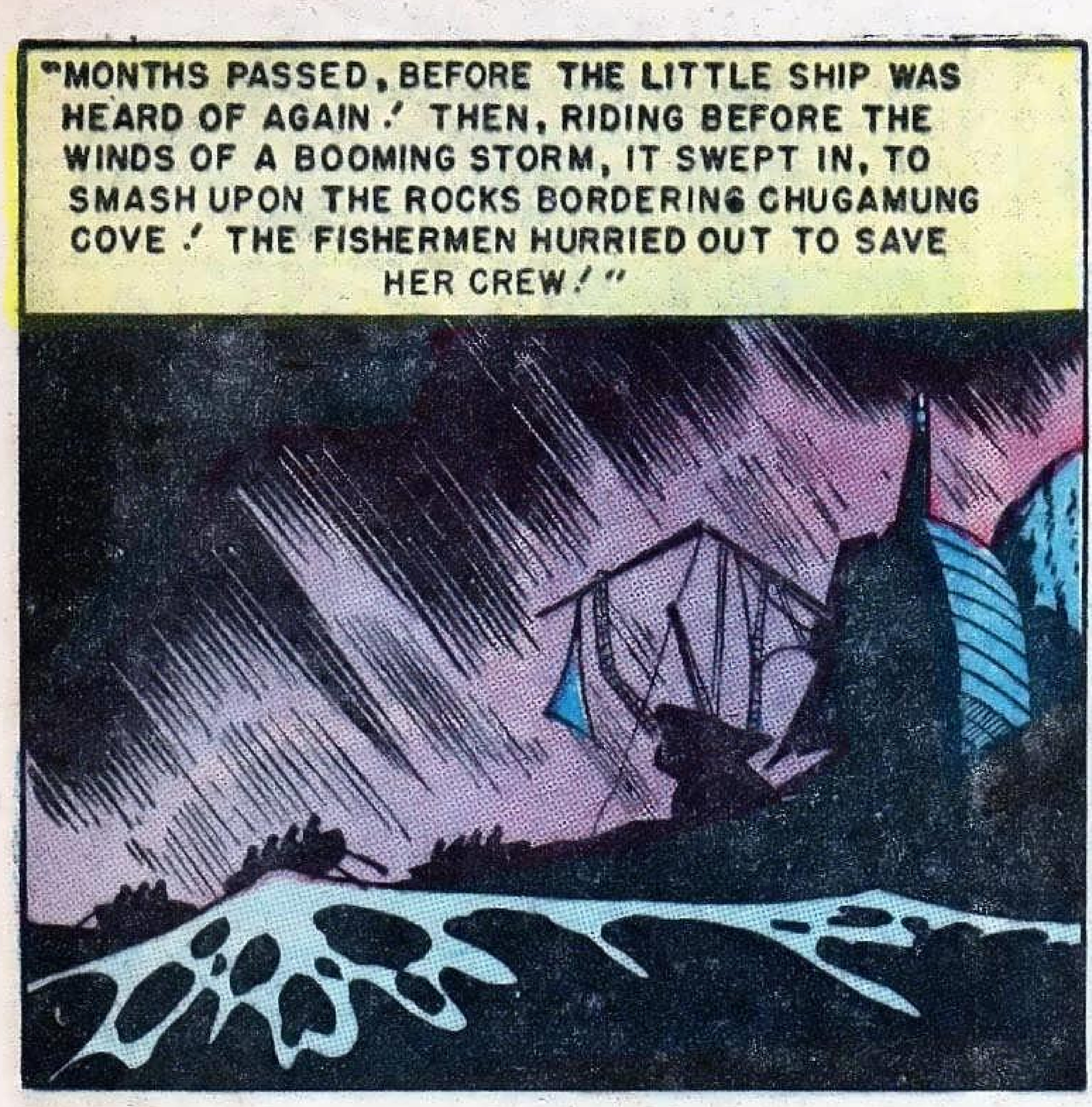


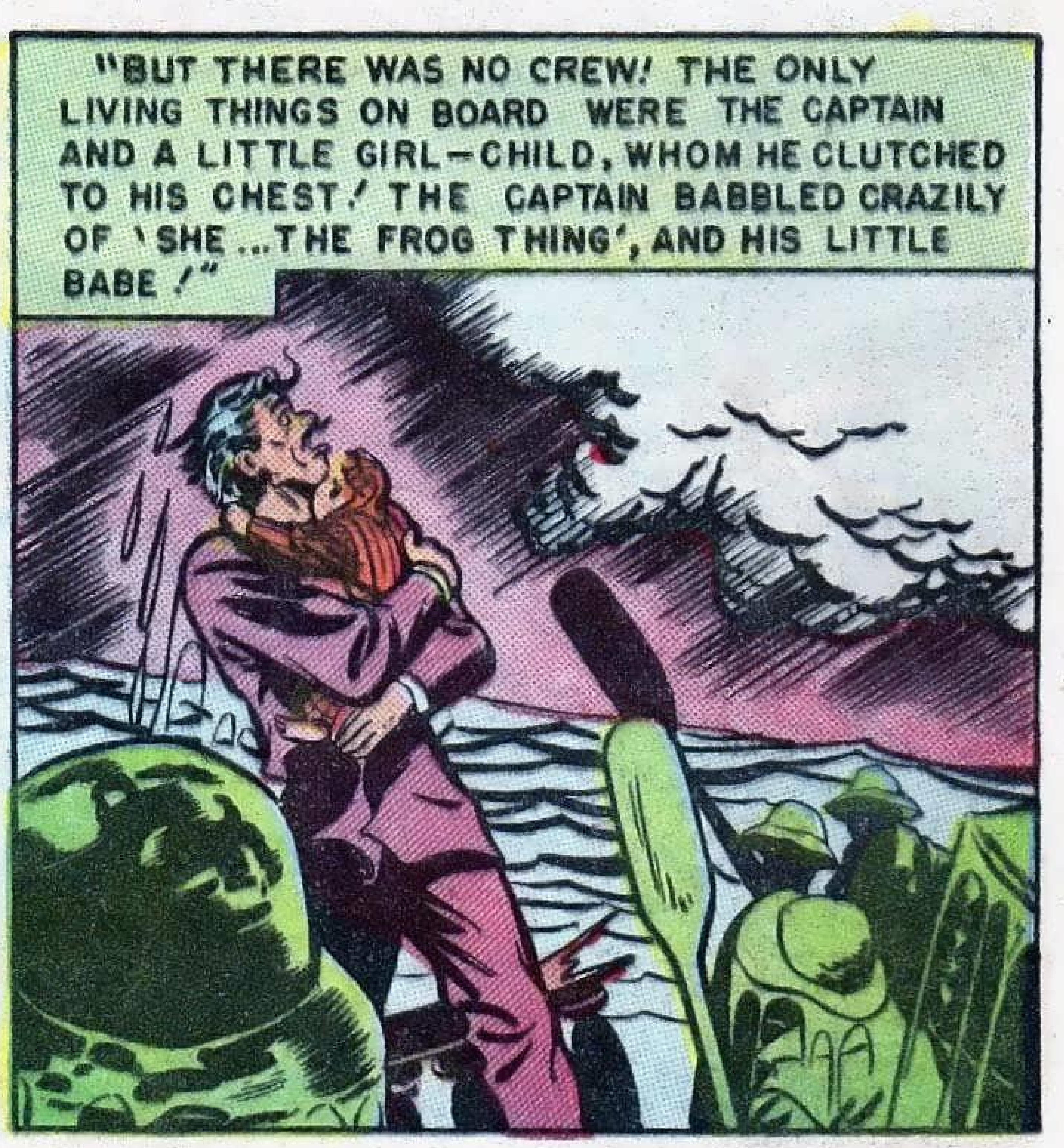
"THE TERRIBLE STORM DROVE THE SMALL SCHOONER OUT TO SEA! DAYS LATER, THE CAPTAIN APPEARED BEFORE HIS CREW, AND ANNOUNCED THAT HE HAD MARRIED THE WOMAN THEY HAD SAVED! AS THE CAPTAIN OF THE SHIP, HE HAD PERFORMED THE CEREMONY, HIMSELF!"

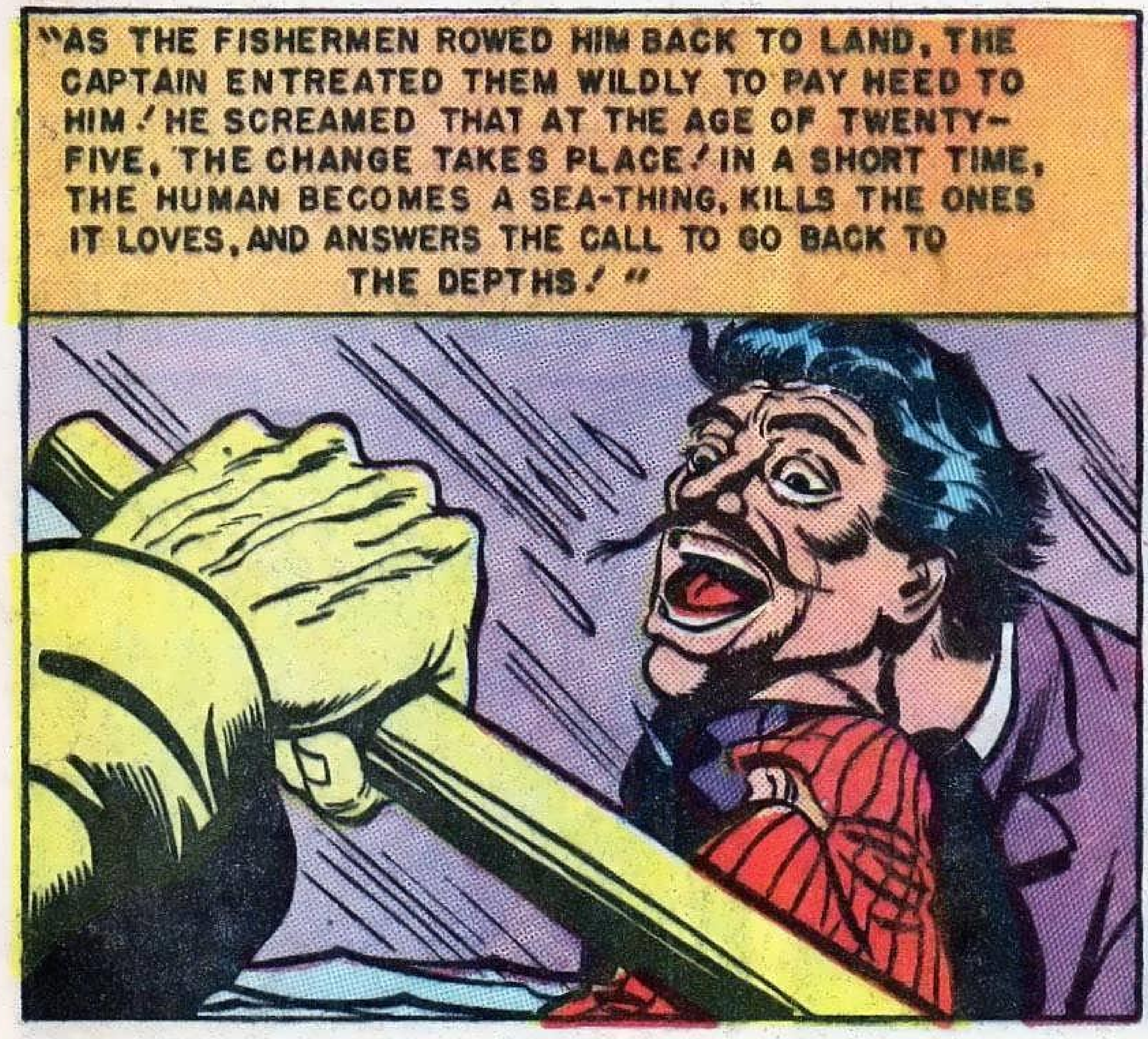


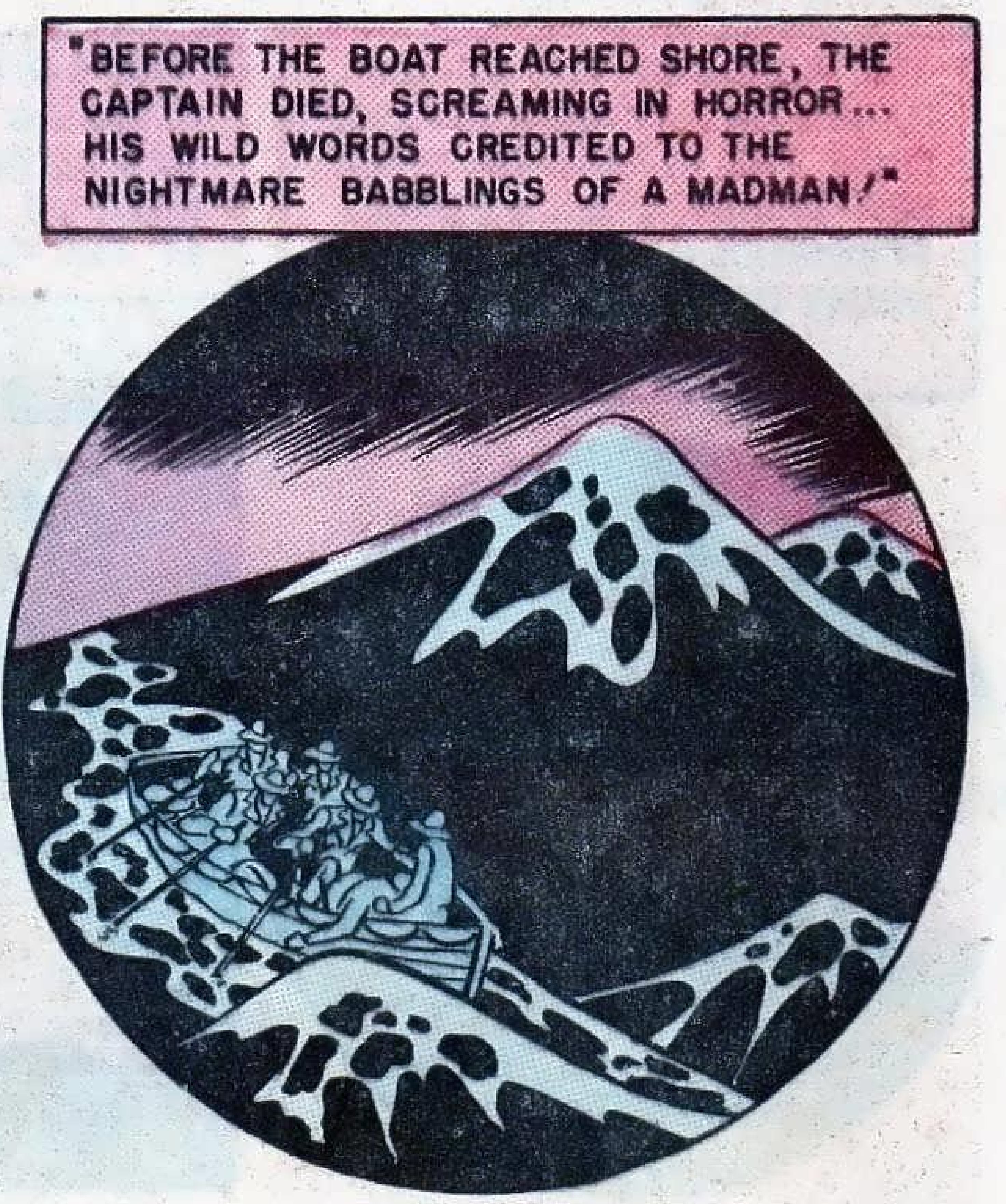
"NOTHING WAS HEARD OF THE SHIP TILL SIX MONTHS LATER! IT SAILED INTO A DOCK ON THE MALAY COAST! HERE THE CAPTAIN PAID OFF ALL HIS MEN AND PUT OUT TO SEA ALONE! THE SEAMEN, WHEN QUESTIONED, SAID THAT THEY HAD NEVER SEEN THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE, THAT SHE HAD NEVER LEFT THE CABIN, AND THAT THE CAPTAIN HAD BECOME 'QUEER IN THE HEAD'!"

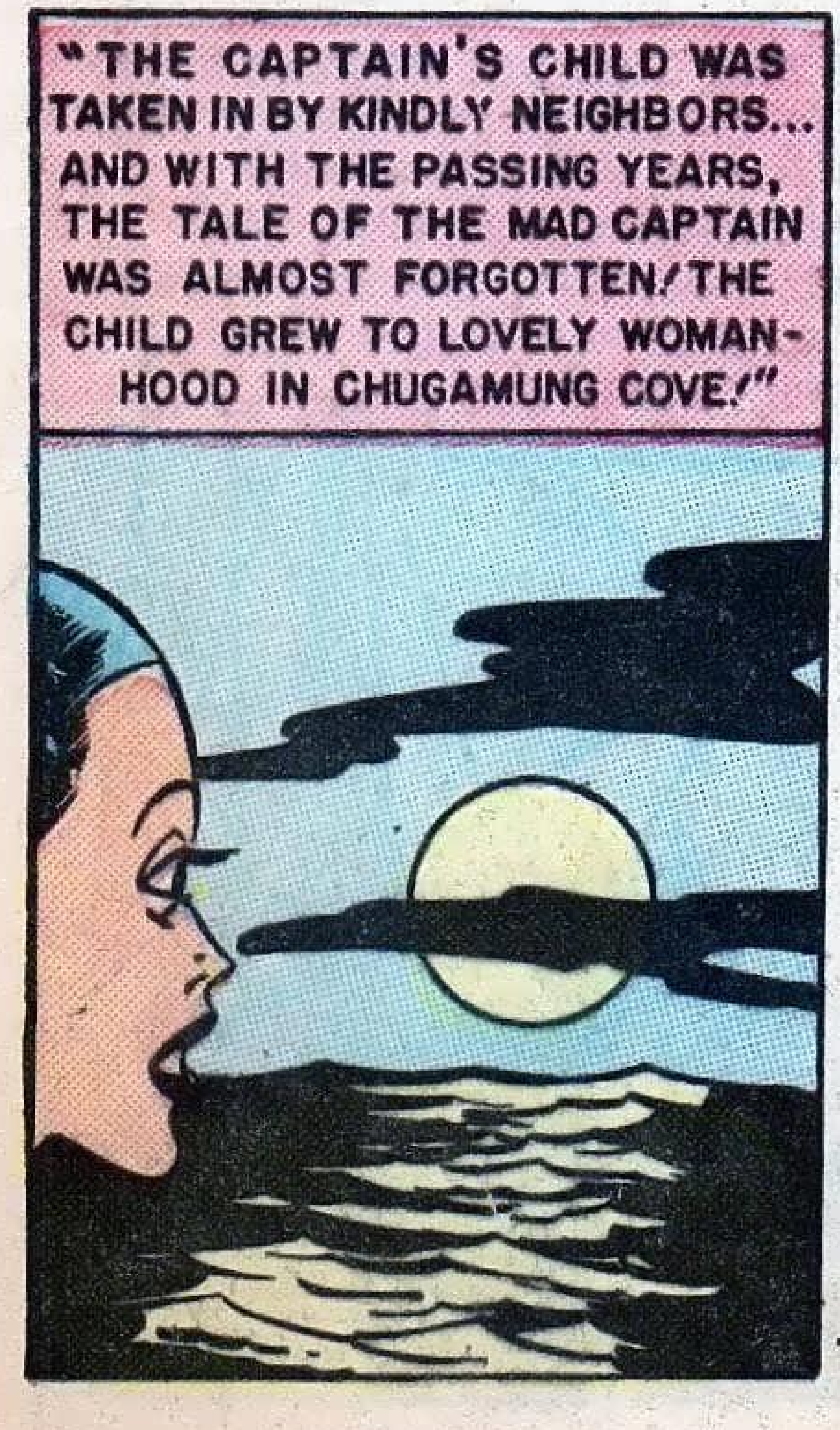


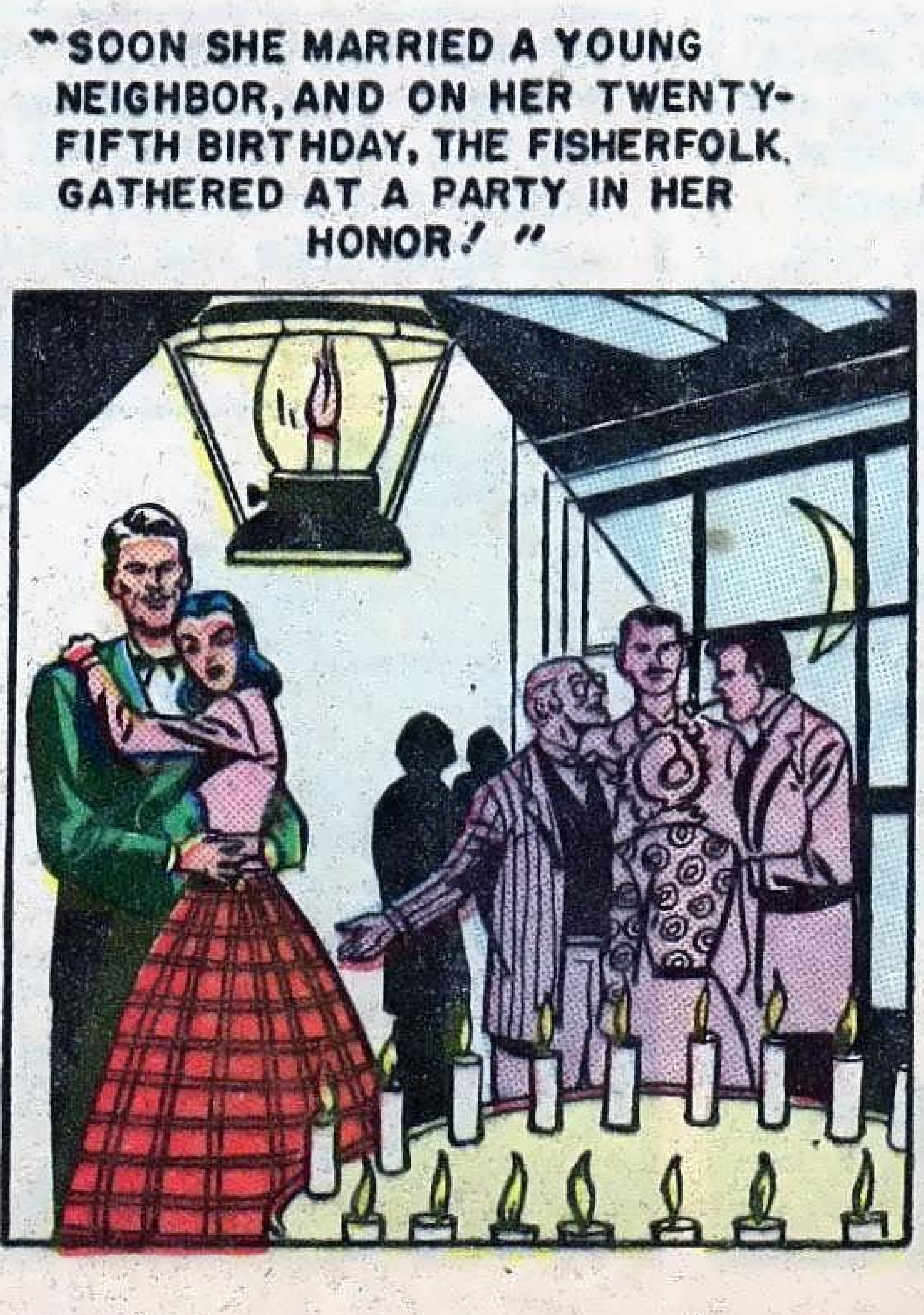

"MONTHS PASSED, BEFORE THE LITTLE SHIP WAS HEARD OF AGAIN! THEN, RIDING BEFORE THE WINDS OF A BOOMING STORM, IT SWEPT IN, TO SMASH UPON THE ROCKS BORDERING CHUGAMUNG COVE! THE FISHERMEN HURRIED OUT TO SAVE HER CREW!"

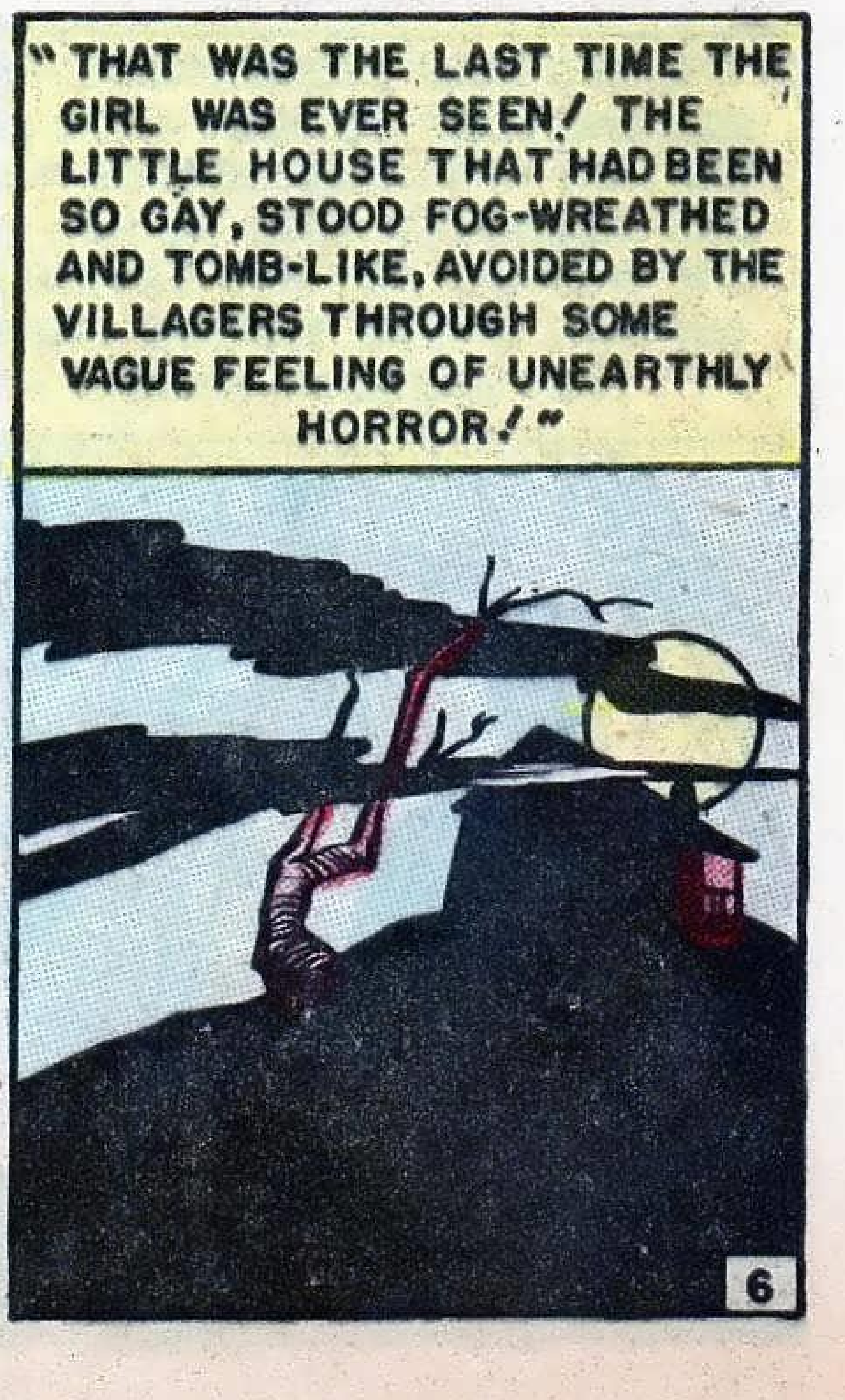

"BUT THERE WAS NO CREW! THE ONLY LIVING THINGS ON BOARD WERE THE CAPTAIN AND A LITTLE GIRL-CHILD, WHOM HE CLUTCHED TO HIS CHEST! THE CAPTAIN BABBLED CRAZILY OF 'SHE... THE FROG THING', AND HIS LITTLE BABE!"


"AS THE FISHERMEN ROWED HIM BACK TO LAND, THE CAPTAIN ENTREATED THEM WILDLY TO PAY HEED TO HIM! HE SCREAMED THAT AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE, THE CHANGE TAKES PLACE! IN A SHORT TIME, THE HUMAN BECOMES A SEA-THING, KILLS THE ONES IT LOVES, AND ANSWERS THE CALL TO GO BACK TO THE DEPTHS!"

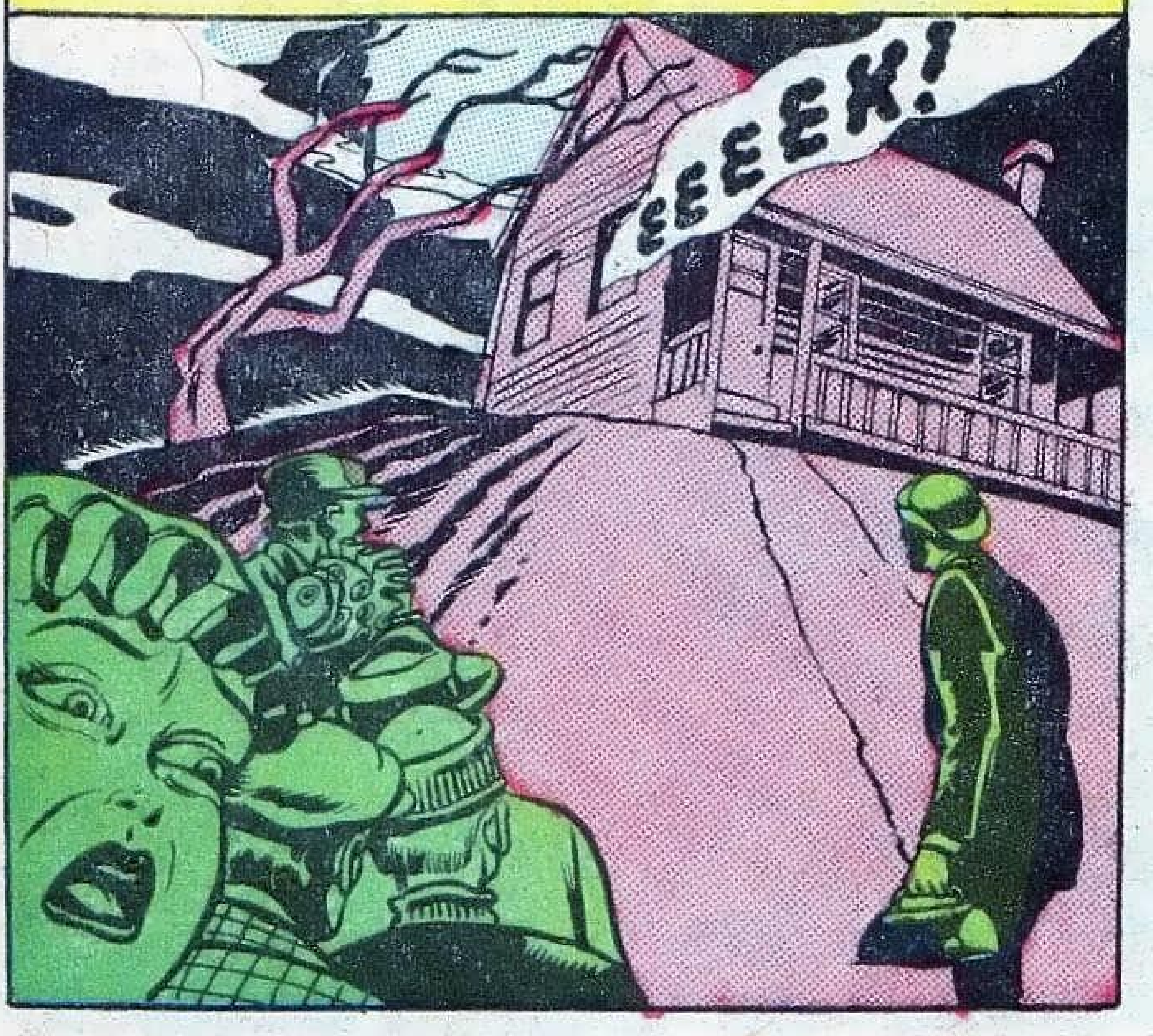

"BEFORE THE BOAT REACHED SHORE, THE CAPTAIN DIED, SCREAMING IN HORROR... HIS WILD WORDS CREDITED TO THE NIGHTMARE BABBLINGS OF A MADMAN!"


"THE CAPTAIN'S CHILD WAS TAKEN IN BY KINDLY NEIGHBORS... AND WITH THE PASSING YEARS, THE TALE OF THE MAD CAPTAIN WAS ALMOST FORGOTTEN! THE CHILD GREW TO LOVELY WOMANHOOD IN CHUGAMUNG COVE!"

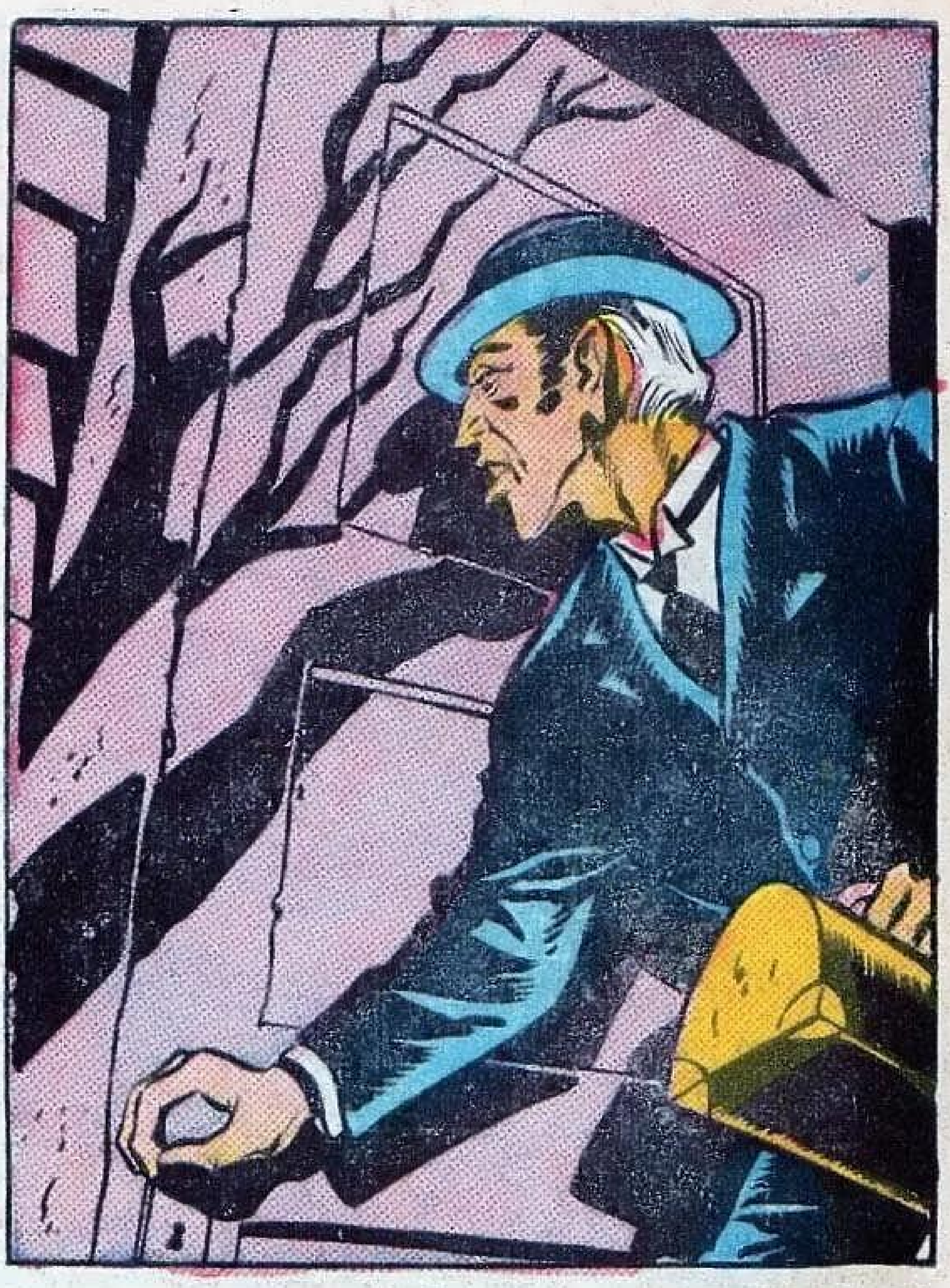

"SOON SHE MARRIED A YOUNG NEIGHBOR, AND ON HER TWENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY, THE FISHERFOLK GATHERED AT A PARTY IN HER HONOR!"


"THAT WAS THE LAST TIME THE GIRL WAS EVER SEEN! THE LITTLE HOUSE THAT HAD BEEN SO GAY, STOOD FOG-WREATHED AND TOMB-LIKE, AVOIDED BY THE VILLAGERS THROUGH SOME VAGUE FEELING OF UNEARTHLY HORROR!"

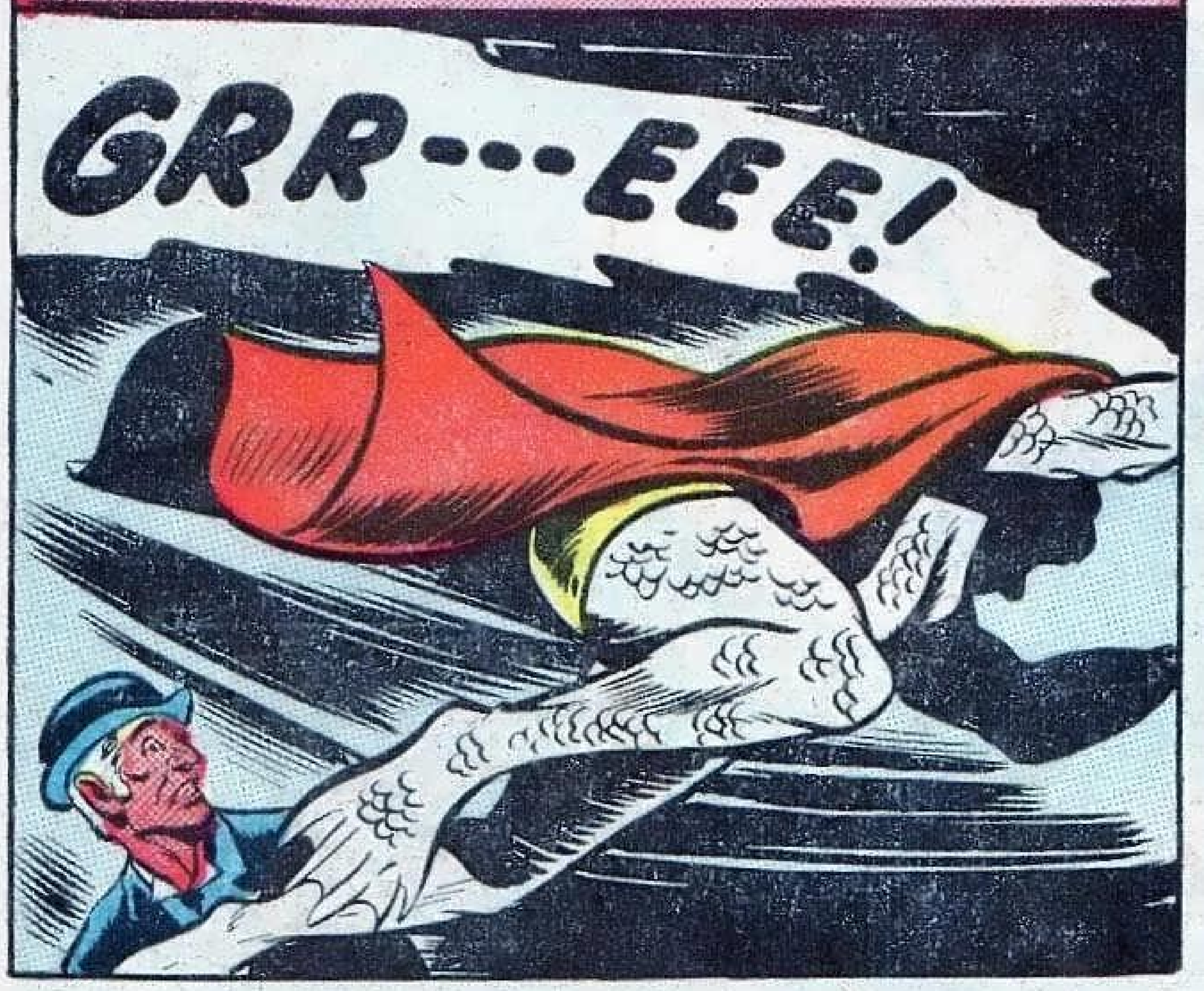
"WEEKS WENT BY! THEN ONE NIGHT, THE VILLAGERS WERE AWAKENED BY TERRIBLE SCREAMS, PIERCING IN THEIR INTENSITY, EMANATING FROM THE LITTLE HOUSE!"



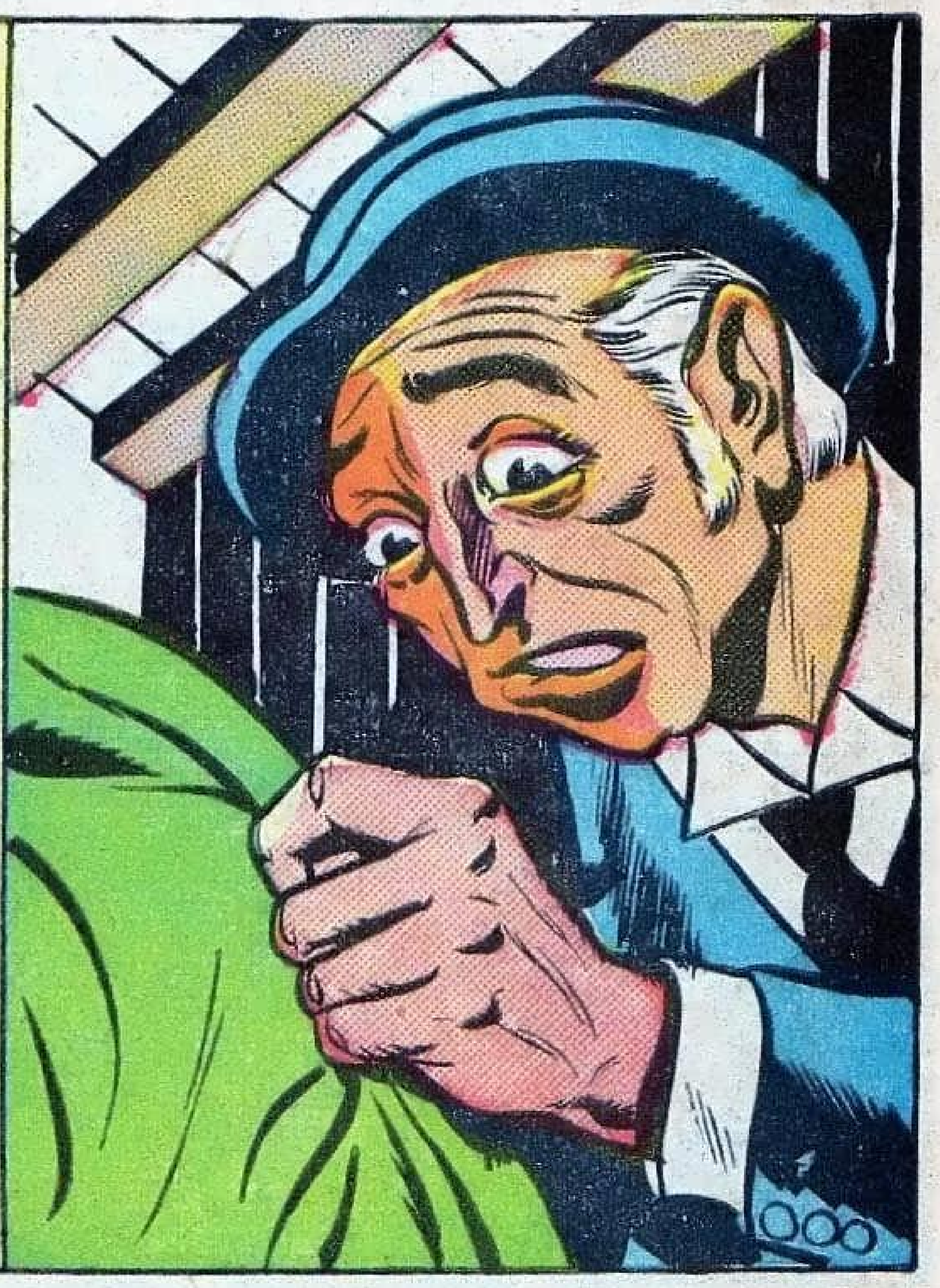
"NONE DARED APPROACH THE PLACE, SAVE THE VILLAGE DOCTOR, WHO FEARFULLY OPENED THE DOOR, HIS HEART POUNDING IN RHYTHM WITH THE WILD SOUL-WRACKING SCREAMS! HIS NOSTRILS QUIVERED WITH THE STENCH OF DECAY AND SEA-MOULD THAT CAME FROM WITHIN!"



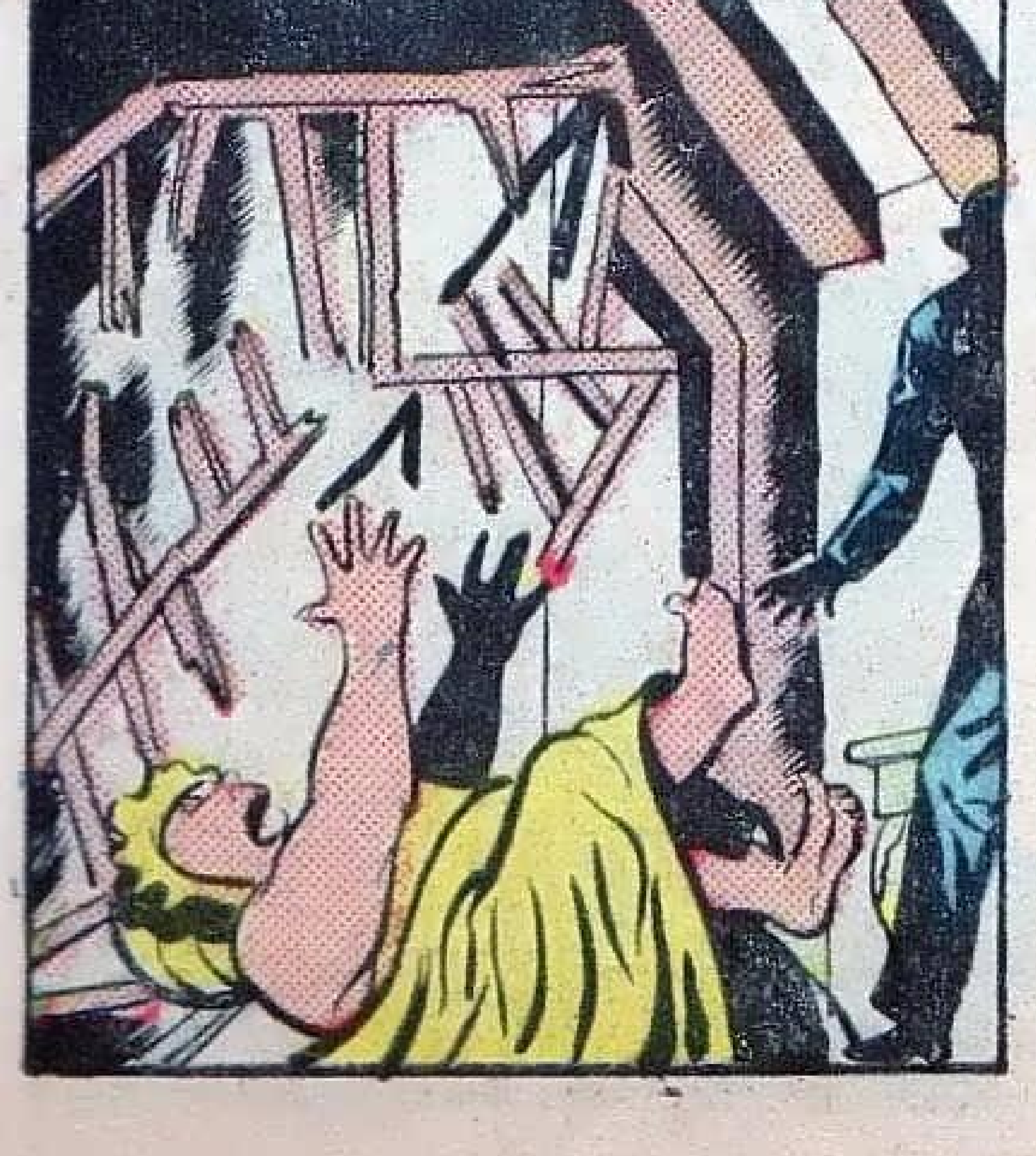
"AS THE DOCTOR STEPPED ACROSS THE THRESHOLD, A LOATHSOME FROG-HUMAN THING, ITS SCALY, MOLD-ENCRUSTED BODY PARTIALLY COVERED BY A WRAPPER, SWEPT PAST AND, MUTTERING MANIACAL CROAKING CRIES, DISAPPEARED INTO THE WATERS OF THE COVE!"



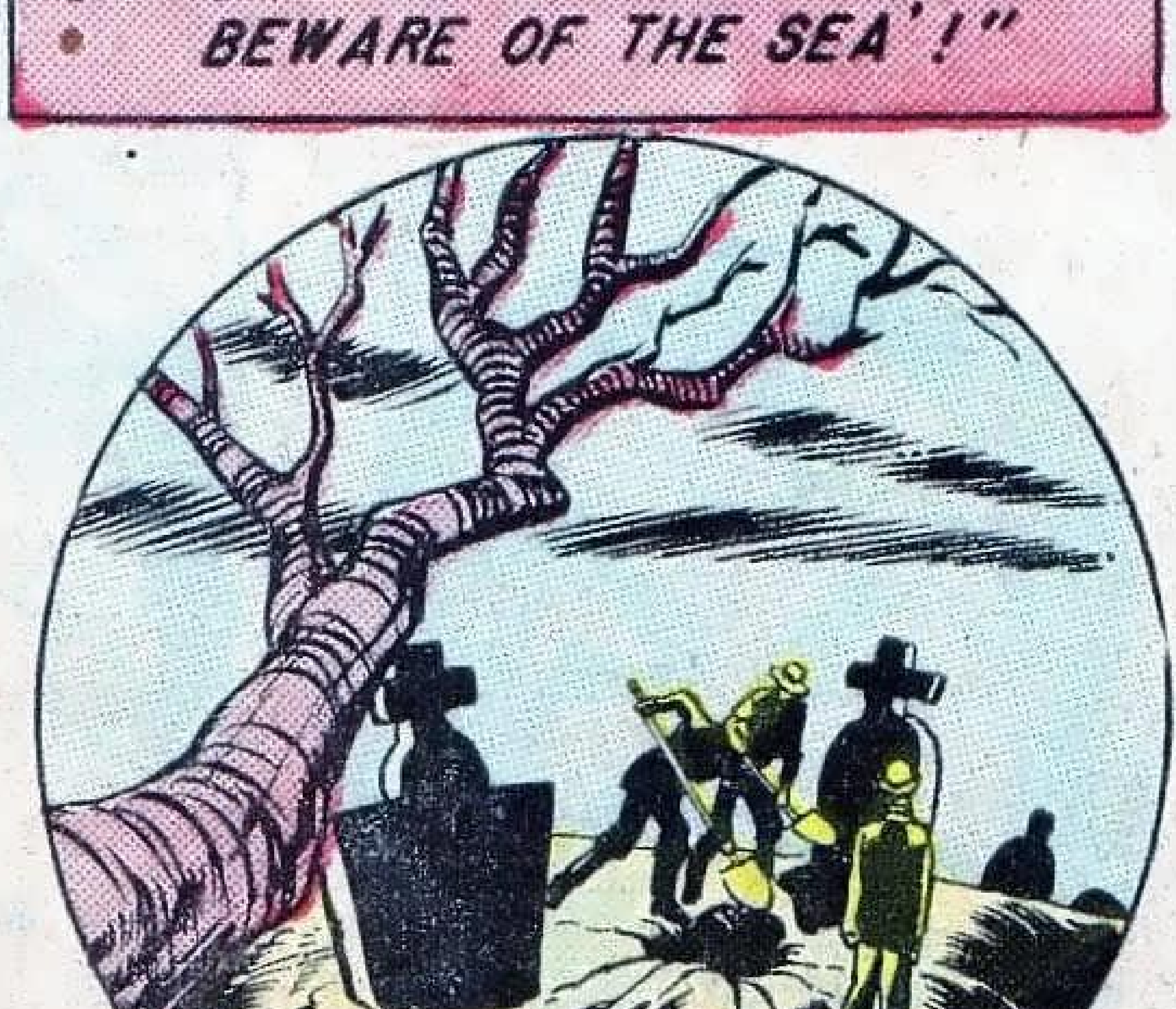
"THE DOCTOR, HIS MIND SPINNING MADLY, BY THE AWFUL HORROR AND ITS FETID PASSING, MADE ANOTHER FIND! IT WAS THE BODY OF HER YOUNG HUSBAND... SLASHED AND MUTILATED BEYOND THE BLACKEST CONJURATIONS OF MORTAL MADNESS AND MORBIDITY!"



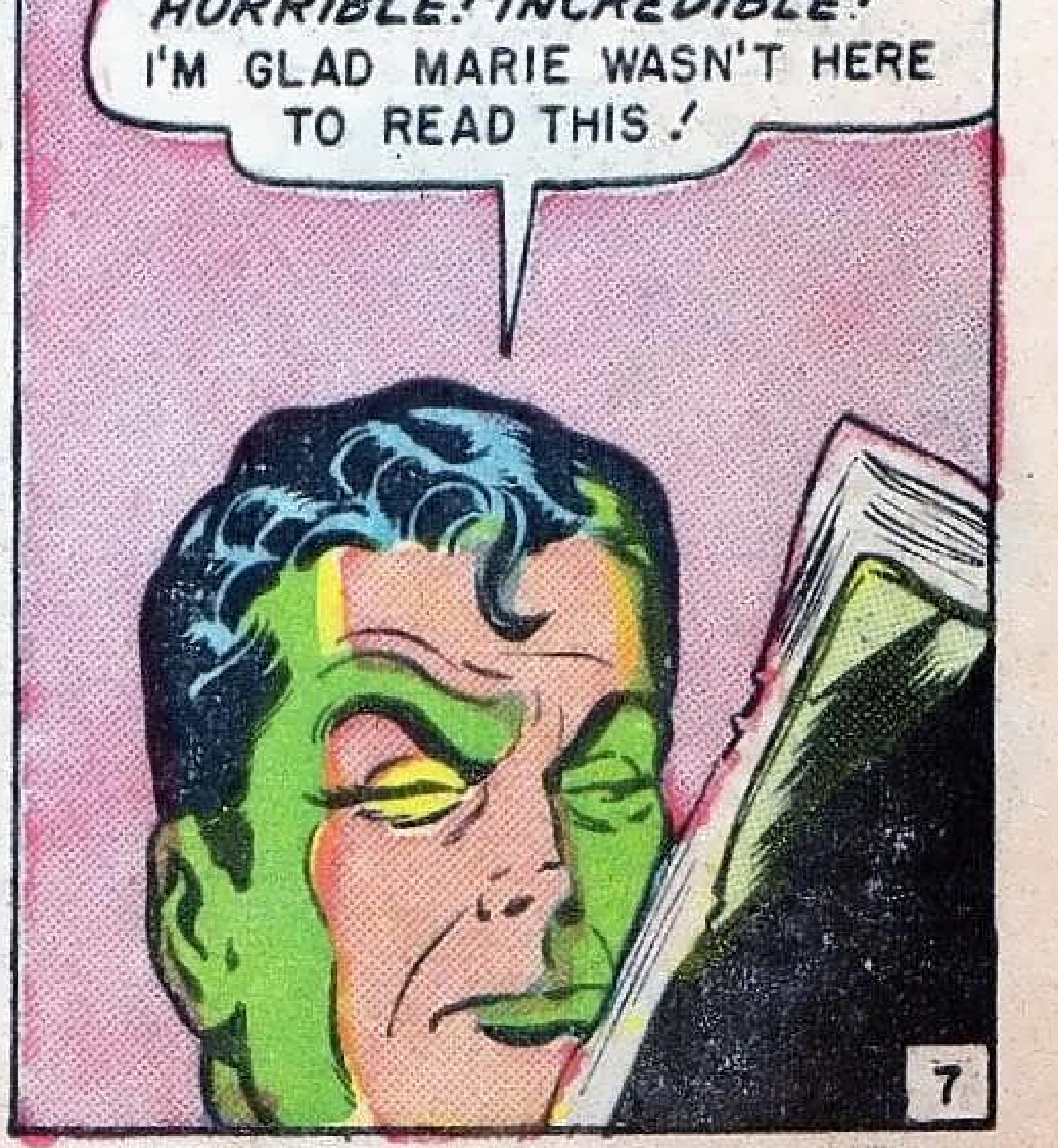
"AS HE ROSE TO HIS FEET TO LEAVE THE CURSED PLACE, A STRANGE SOUND CAME TO HIS EARS! HE TRACED IT TO A CORNER OF THE ROOM! THERE, BENEATH THE SMASHED REMNANTS OF WHAT WAS ONCE A CRIB, LAY A MAN-CHILD, SOBBING AND PULING!"



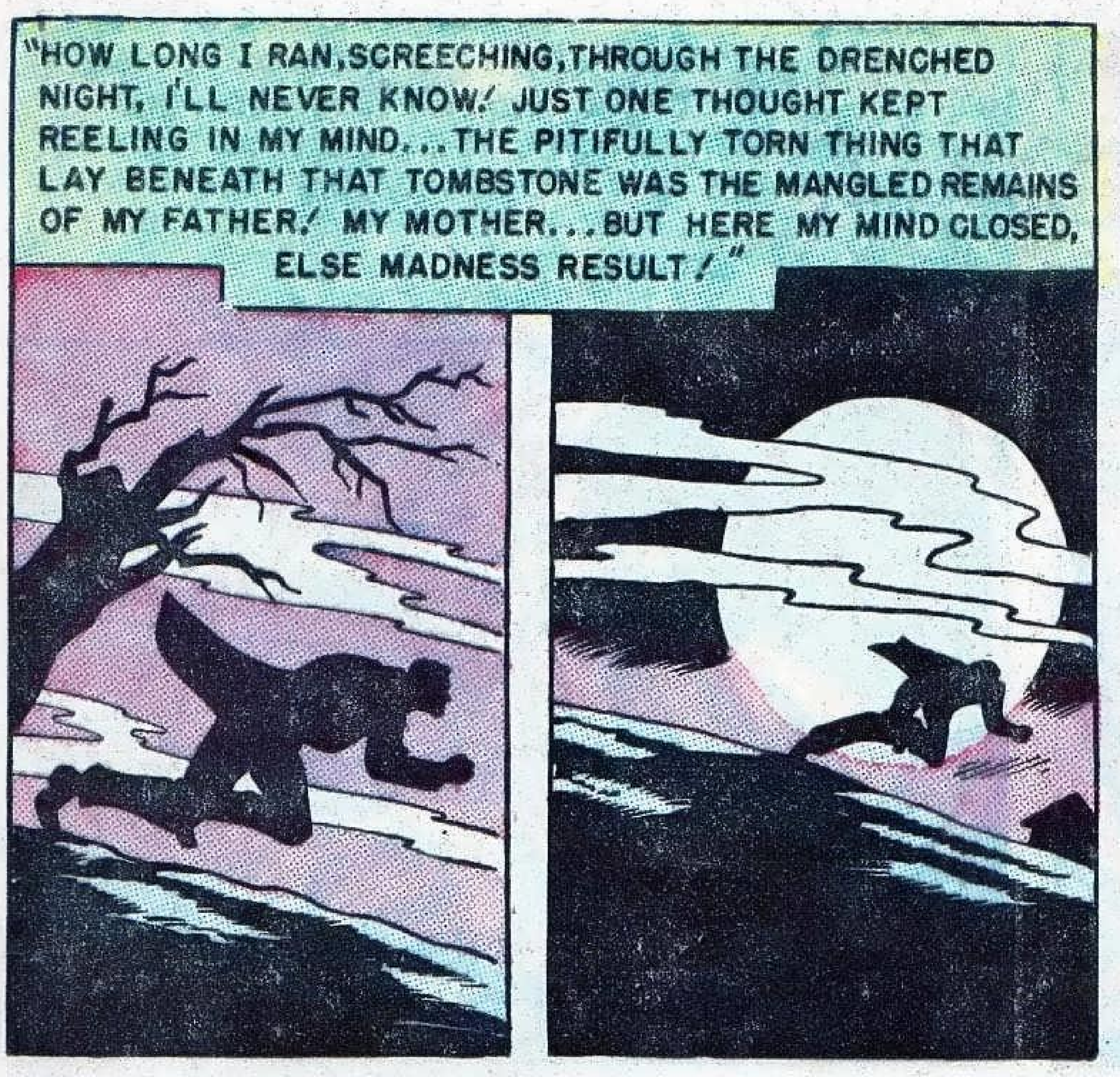
"THE MUTILATED BODY OF THE YOUNG FATHER WAS INTERRED ON THE EAST END OF THE CEMETERY! THE LEGEND ON THE TOMBSTONE READ, 'DIED OF UNKNOWN BUT HORRIBLE CAUSES! *BEWARE OF THE SEA*'!"

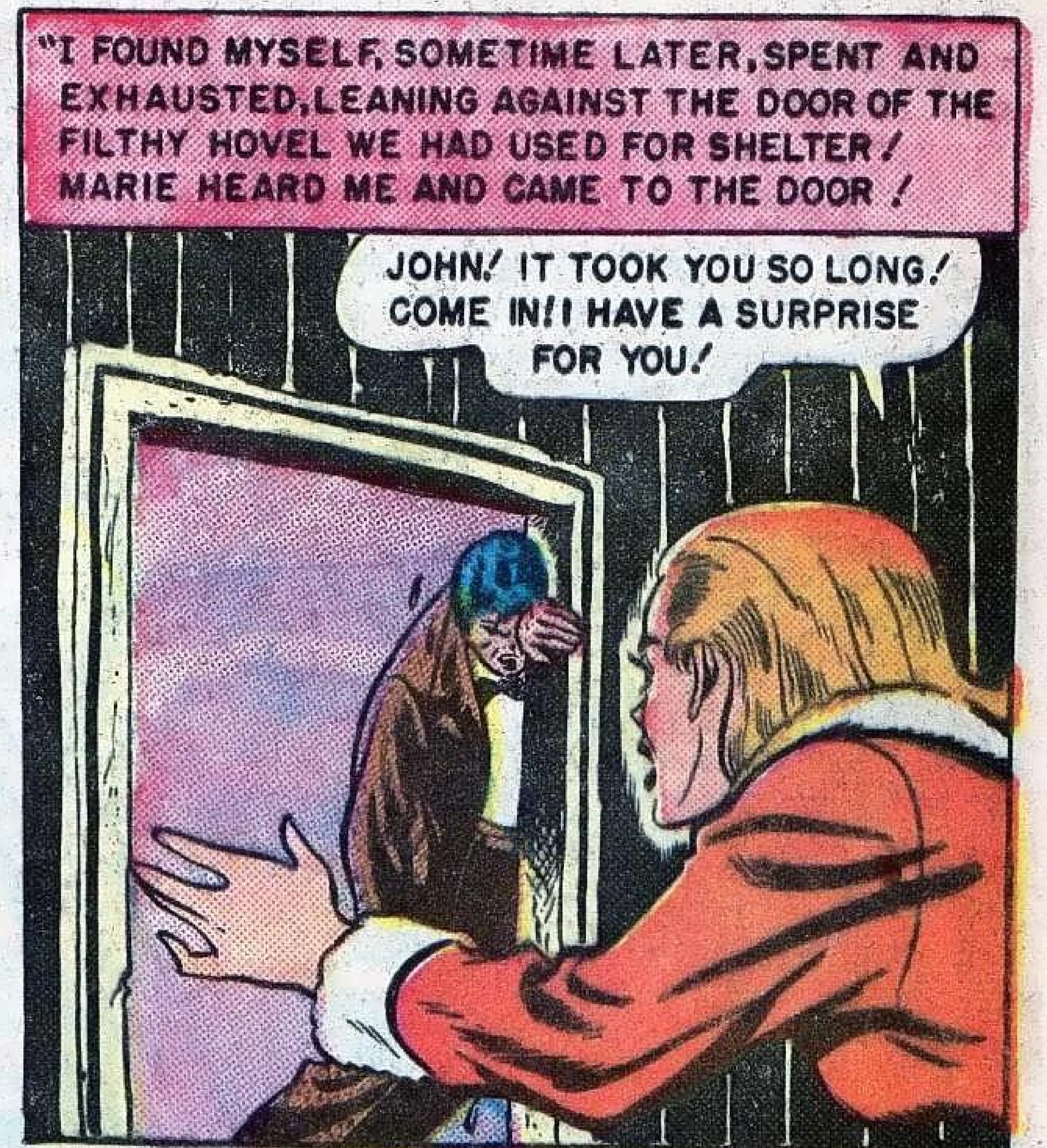


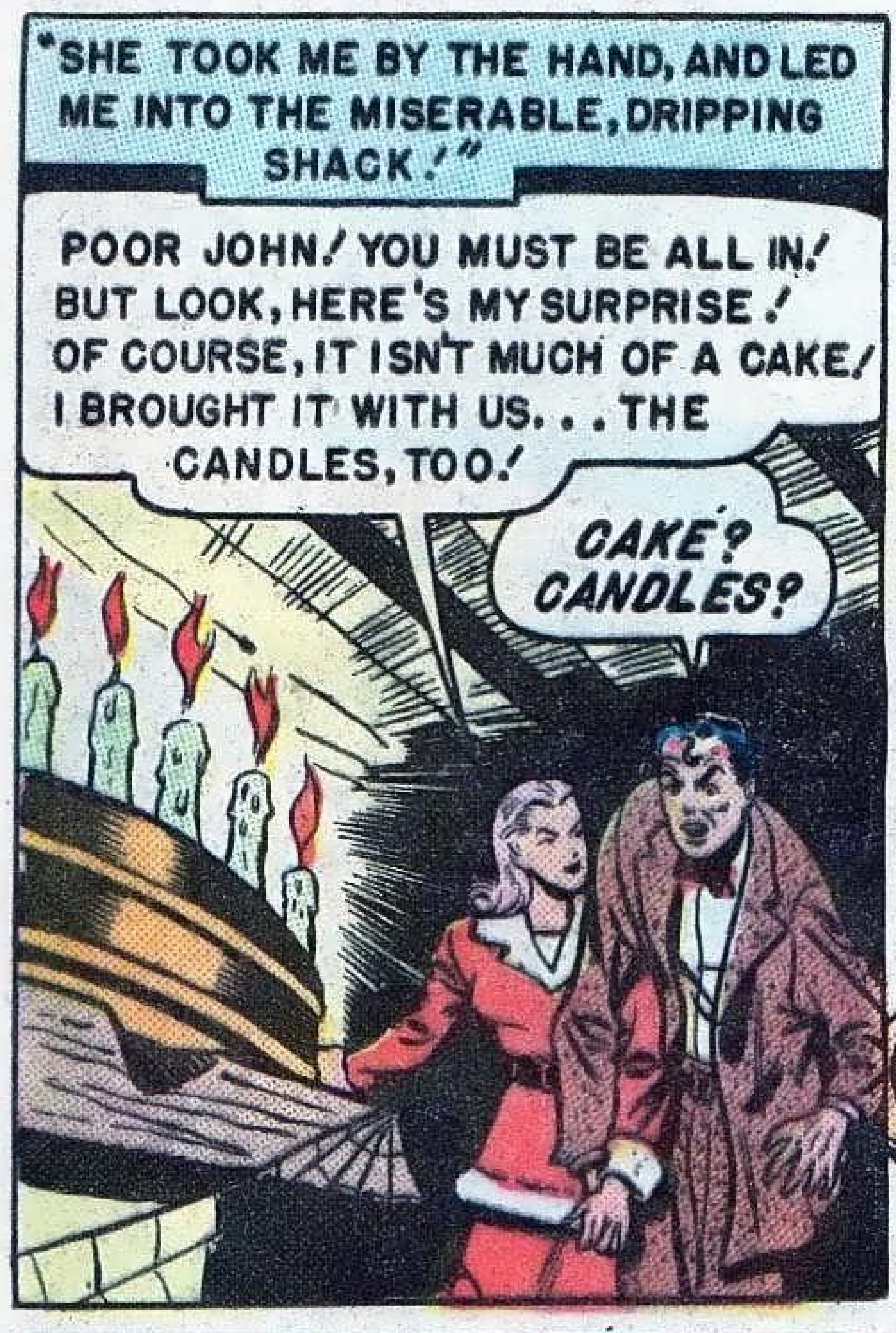
"THE VOLUME ENDED IN A SHORT PARAGRAPH TO THE EFFECT THAT THE DOCTOR HAD TAKEN THE CHILD AND DISAPPEARED FROM CHUGAMUNG COVE!"

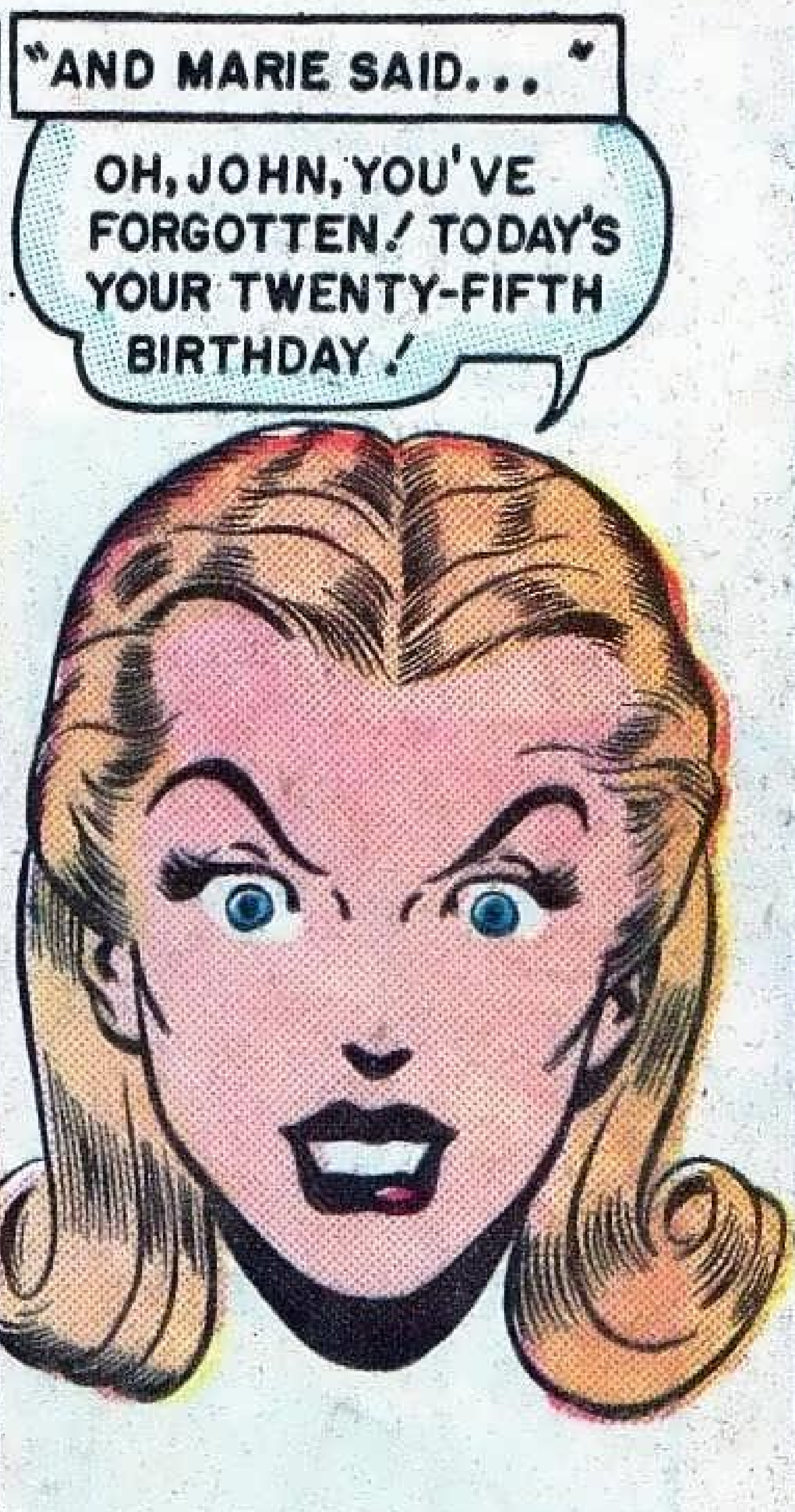

HORRIBLE! INCREDIBLE! I'M GLAD MARIE WASN'T HERE TO READ THIS!

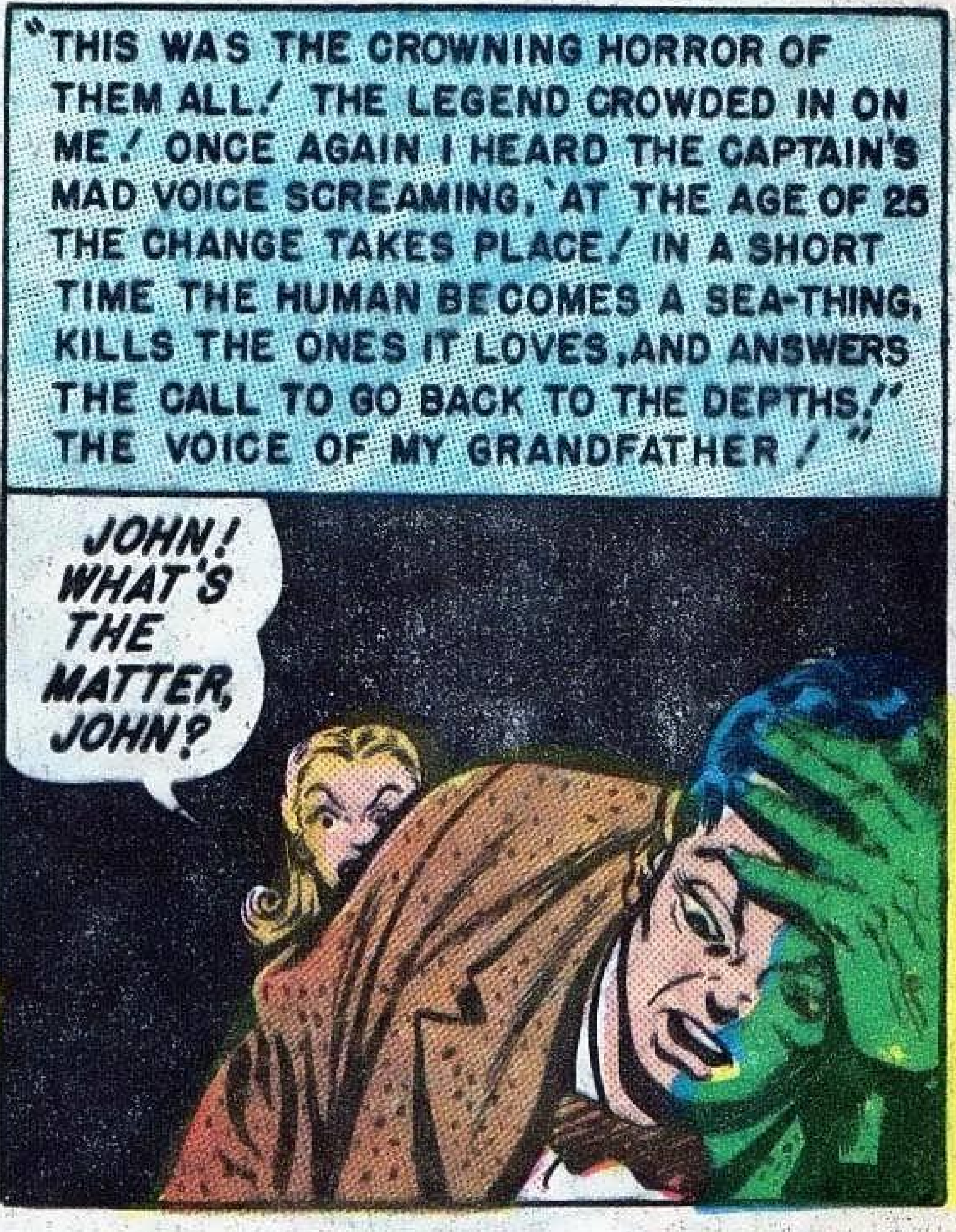
"I STAGGERED AWAY FROM THE VERMIN-ROTTED LIBRARY, MY MIND A TURMOIL OF MADNESS AND HORROR!
I MUST GET BACK TO MARIE! I-I'M SATURATED WITH THE MADNESS OF THAT CURSED BOOK!
"BUT SOME TENUOUS TENTACLE, SOME NEBULOUS POWER, SEEMED TO DRAW ME AWAY FROM MARIE AND TOWARD THE OLD CEMETERY AT THE EDGE OF THE COVE!"
I-I MUST GET BACK TO MARIE! I M-MUST!
"ONCE AMONGST THE SOMBRE GUARDIANS OF ROTTING FLESH, I BEGAN A FURIOUS SEARCH, LEAPING LIKE A GRAVE-RIDDEN GHOUL, FROM TOMBSTONE TO TOMBSTONE, SEARCHING FOR I KNEW NOT WHAT!"
IT SAID THE END... THE EAST END!
"SUDDENLY, I FOUND WHAT MY REELING BRAIN HAD DIRECTED ME TO... THE GRAVE MENTIONED IN THE HISTORY OF CHUGAMUNG COVE!"
THIS IS IT... THE GRAVE! THE NAME... I MUST SEE THE NAME!
DIED OF UN-KNOWN BUT HORRIBLE CAUSES! BEWARE THE SEA!
"WORKING WITH HYSTERICAL HASTE, I CLAWED AND SCRAPED AT THE MOULDY FUNGUS MASKING THE ENGRAVED NAME!"
IT'S ALMOST CLEAR... SOON I'LL SEE THE NAME!
"THE LAST SCRAP OF SLIME SCRAPED AWAY, I READ THE NAME, AND KNEW IN ONE INUNDATING CATACLYSM OF VOICELESS HORROR, THE POWER THAT HAD DRAWN ME TO THE CURSED SPOT!"
"THE NAME ON THE GRAVESTONE READ..."
JOHN ST. STENGEL
DIED OF UN-KNOWN

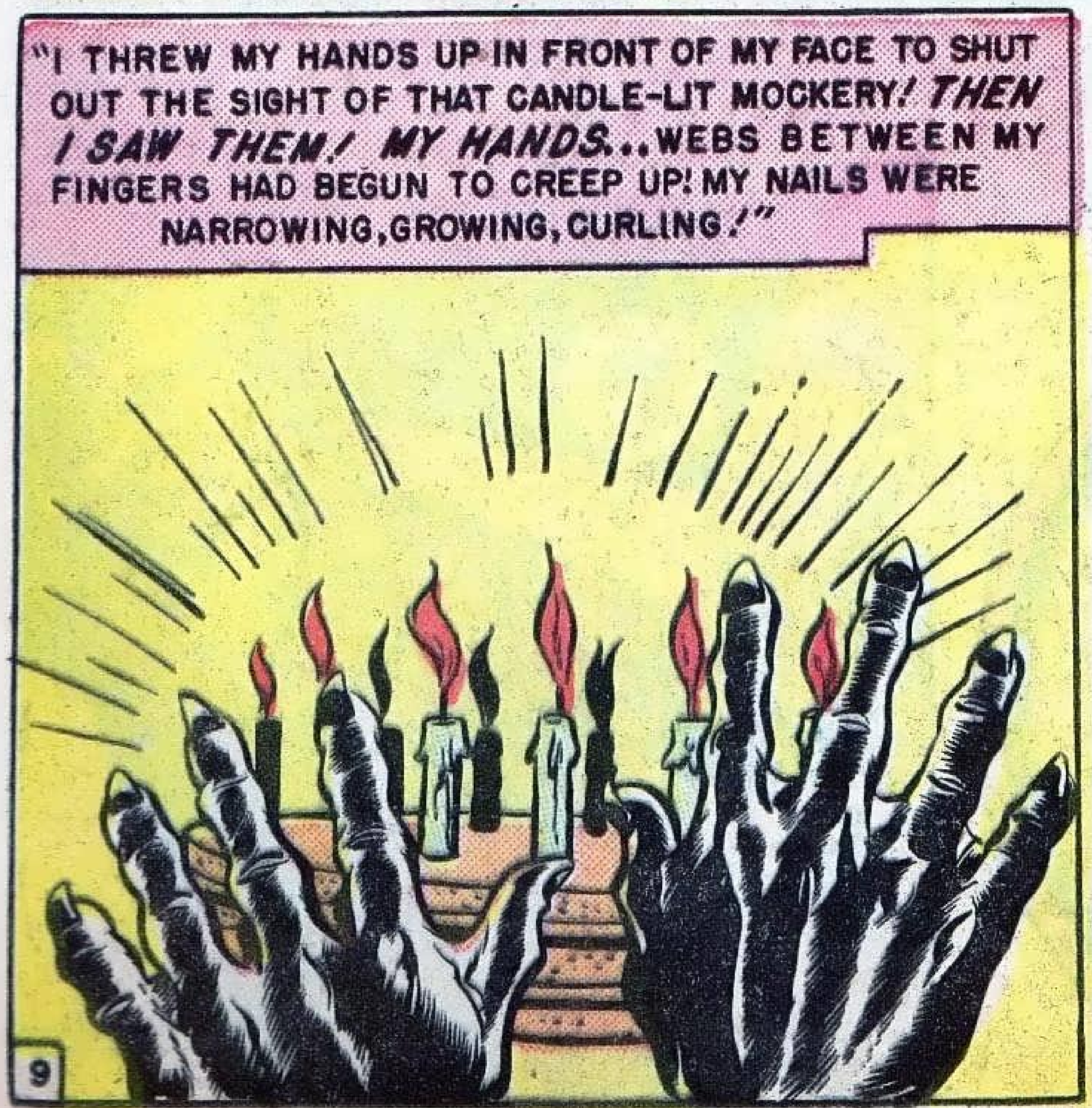

"HOW LONG I RAN, SCREECHING, THROUGH THE DRENCHED NIGHT, I'LL NEVER KNOW! JUST ONE THOUGHT KEPT REELING IN MY MIND... THE PITIFULLY TORN THING THAT LAY BENEATH THAT TOMBSTONE WAS THE MANGLED REMAINS OF MY FATHER! MY MOTHER... BUT HERE MY MIND CLOSED, ELSE MADNESS RESULT!"

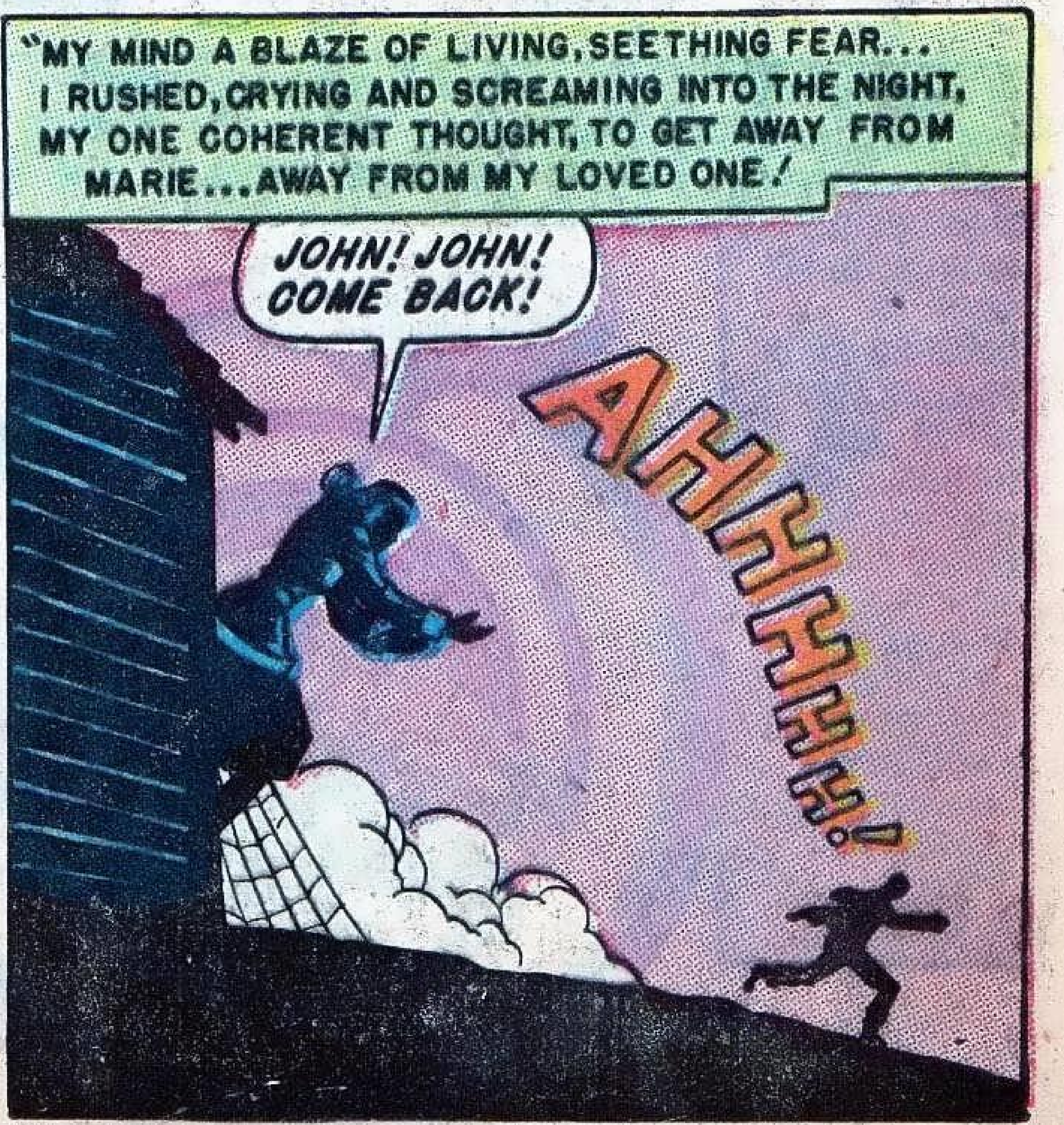

"I FOUND MYSELF, SOMETIME LATER, SPENT AND EXHAUSTED, LEANING AGAINST THE DOOR OF THE FILTHY HOVEL WE HAD USED FOR SHELTER! MARIE HEARD ME AND CAME TO THE DOOR!
JOHN! IT TOOK YOU SO LONG! COME IN! I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU!

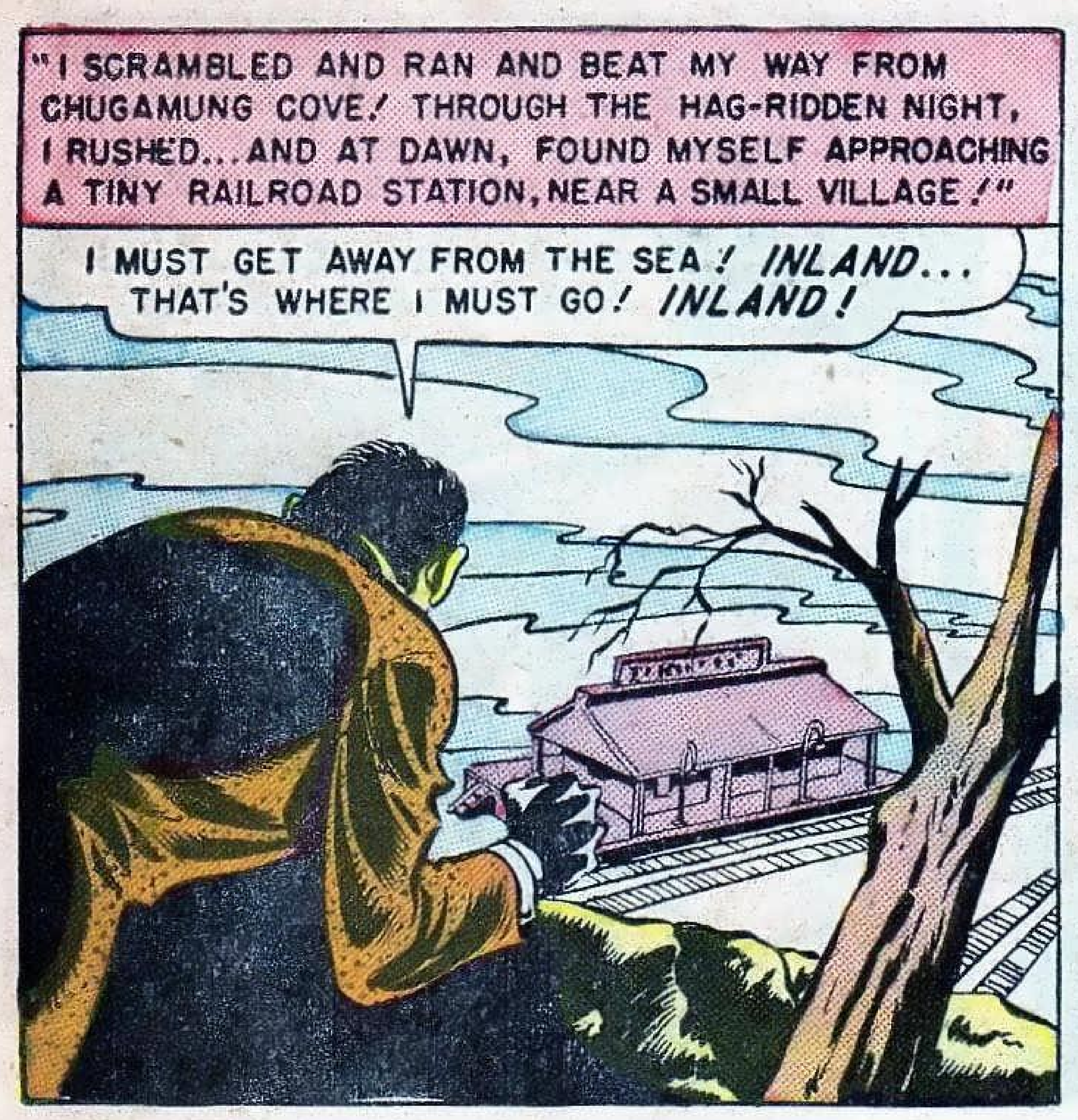

"SHE TOOK ME BY THE HAND, AND LED ME INTO THE MISERABLE, DRIPPING SHACK!"
POOR JOHN! YOU MUST BE ALL IN! BUT LOOK, HERE'S MY SURPRISE! OF COURSE, IT ISN'T MUCH OF A CAKE! I BROUGHT IT WITH US... THE CANDLES, TOO!
CAKE? CANDLES?

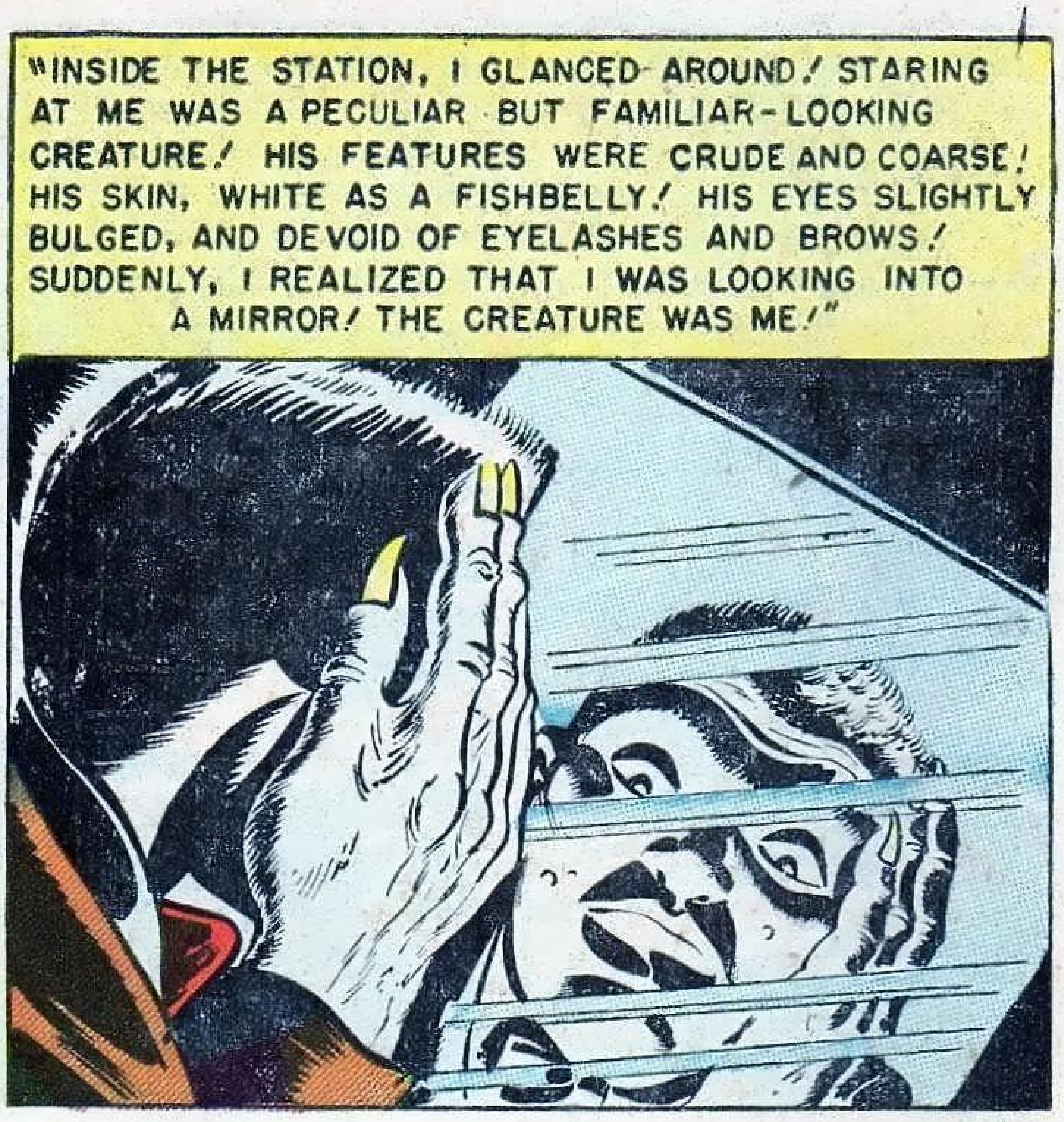

"AND MARIE SAID..."
OH, JOHN, YOU'VE FORGOTTEN! TODAY'S YOUR TWENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY!

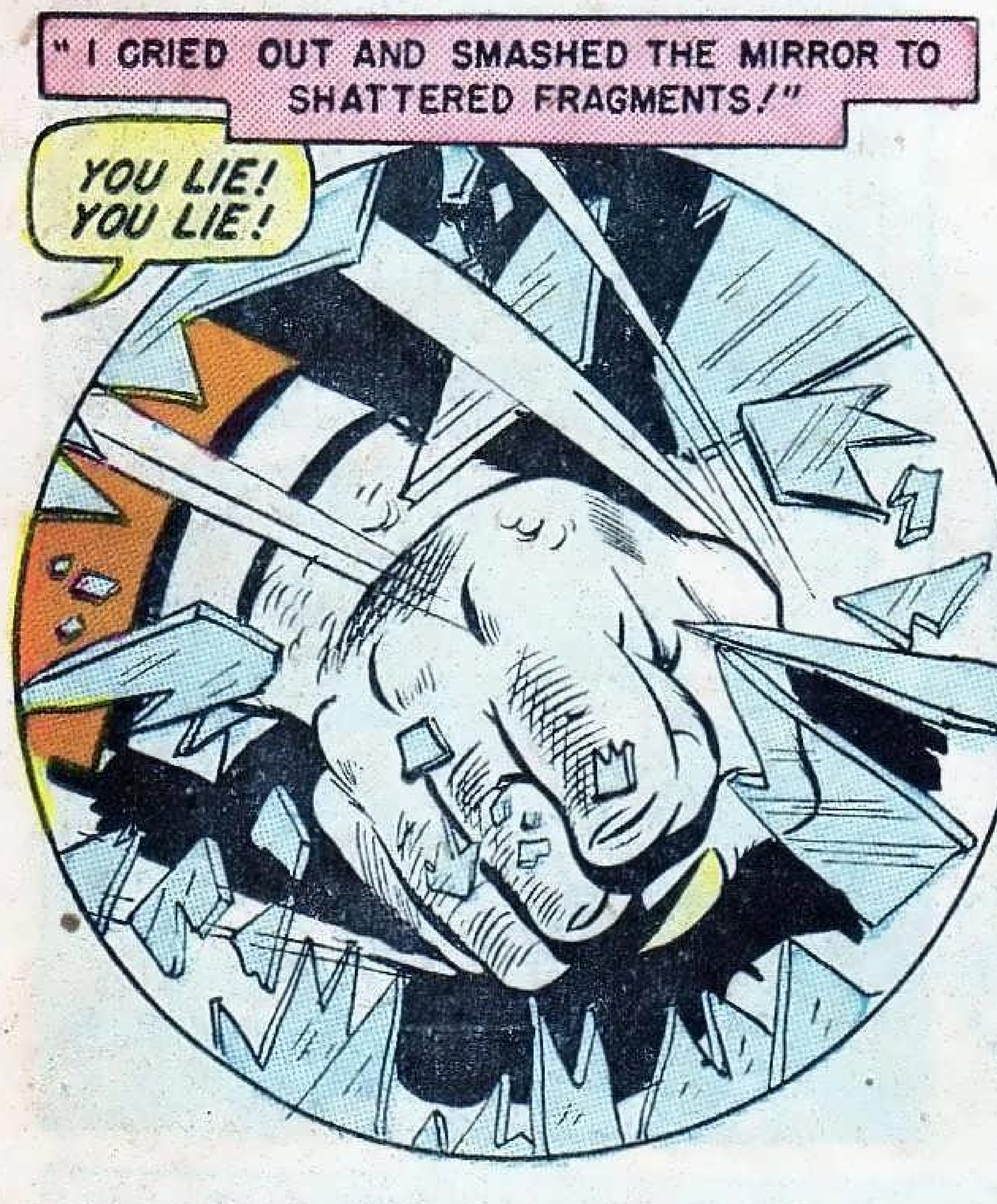

"THIS WAS THE CROWNING HORROR OF THEM ALL! THE LEGEND CROWDED IN ON ME! ONCE AGAIN I HEARD THE CAPTAIN'S MAD VOICE SCREAMING, 'AT THE AGE OF 25 THE CHANGE TAKES PLACE! IN A SHORT TIME THE HUMAN BECOMES A SEA-THING, KILLS THE ONES IT LOVES, AND ANSWERS THE CALL TO GO BACK TO THE DEPTHS!' THE VOICE OF MY GRANDFATHER!"
JOHN! WHAT'S THE MATTER, JOHN?


"I THREW MY HANDS UP IN FRONT OF MY FACE TO SHUT OUT THE SIGHT OF THAT CANDLE-LIT MOCKERY! THEN I SAW THEM! MY HANDS... WEBS BETWEEN MY FINGERS HAD BEGUN TO CREEP UP! MY NAILS WERE NARROWING, GROWING, CURLING!"

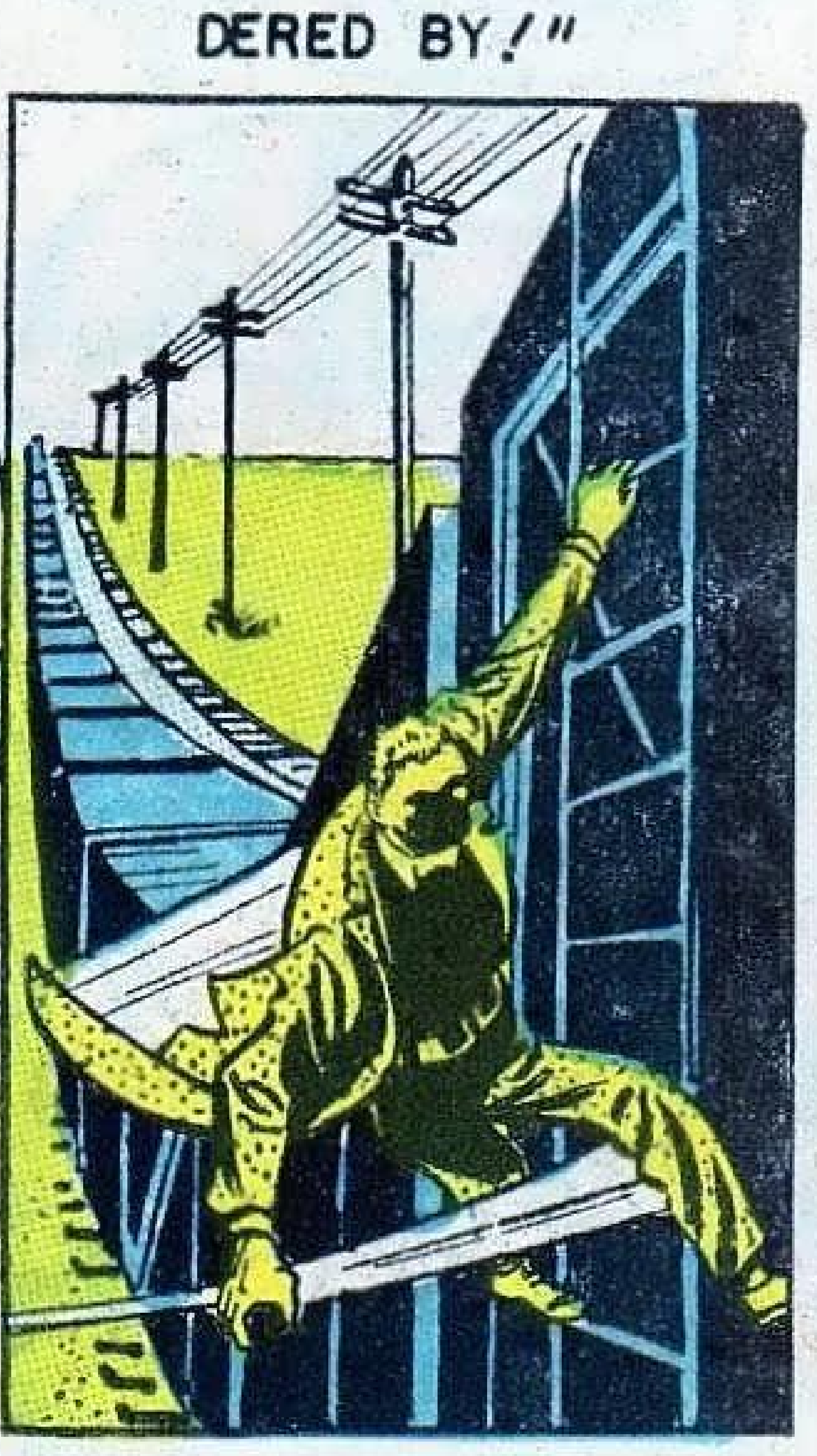

"MY MIND A BLAZE OF LIVING, SEETHING FEAR... I RUSHED, CRYING AND SCREAMING INTO THE NIGHT, MY ONE COHERENT THOUGHT, TO GET AWAY FROM MARIE... AWAY FROM MY LOVED ONE!
JOHN! JOHN! COME BACK!
AHHHHH!

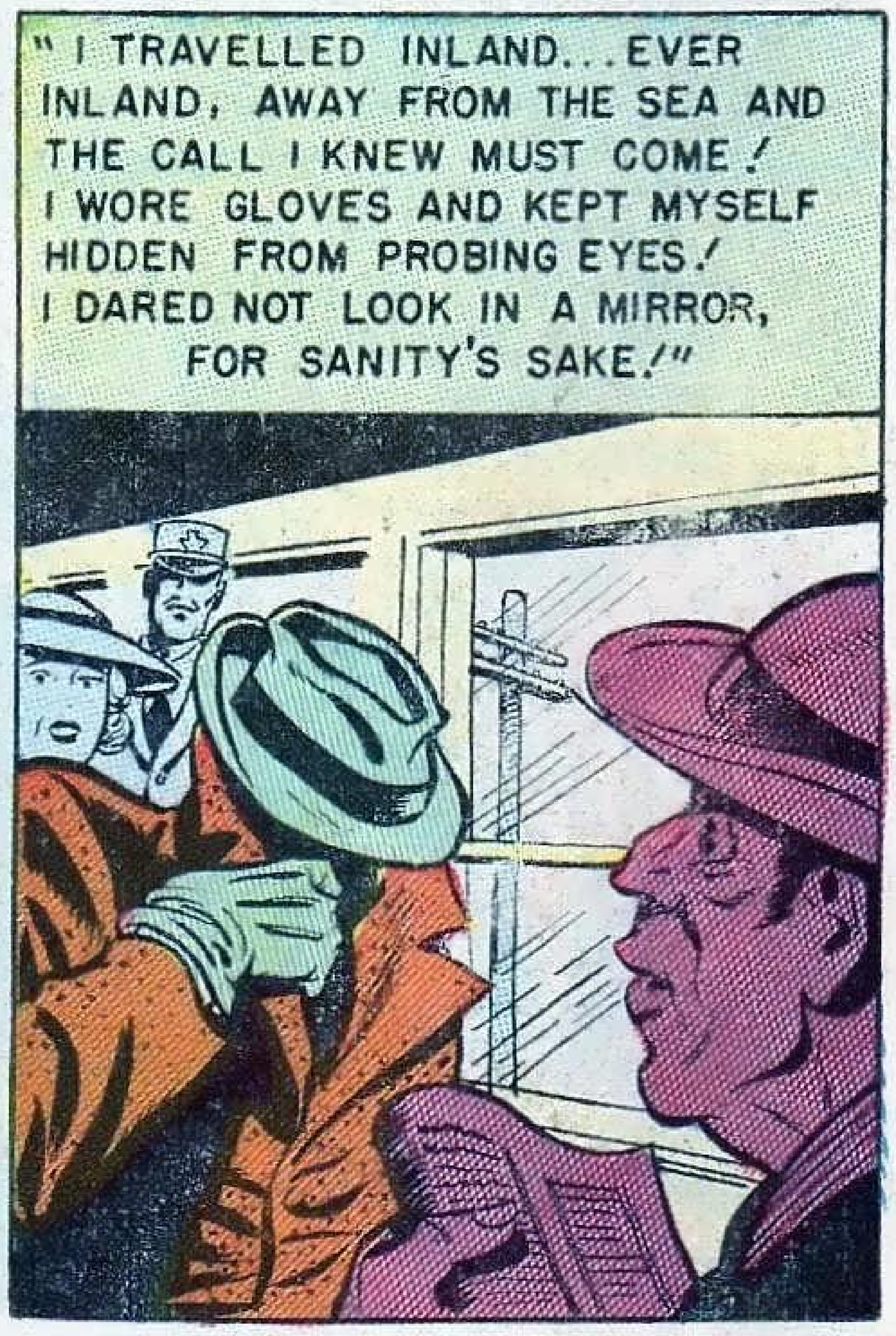

"I SCRAMBLED AND RAN AND BEAT MY WAY FROM CHUGAMUNG COVE! THROUGH THE HAG-RIDDEN NIGHT, I RUSHED... AND AT DAWN, FOUND MYSELF APPROACHING A TINY RAILROAD STATION, NEAR A SMALL VILLAGE!"
I MUST GET AWAY FROM THE SEA! *INLAND...* THAT'S WHERE I MUST GO! *INLAND!*

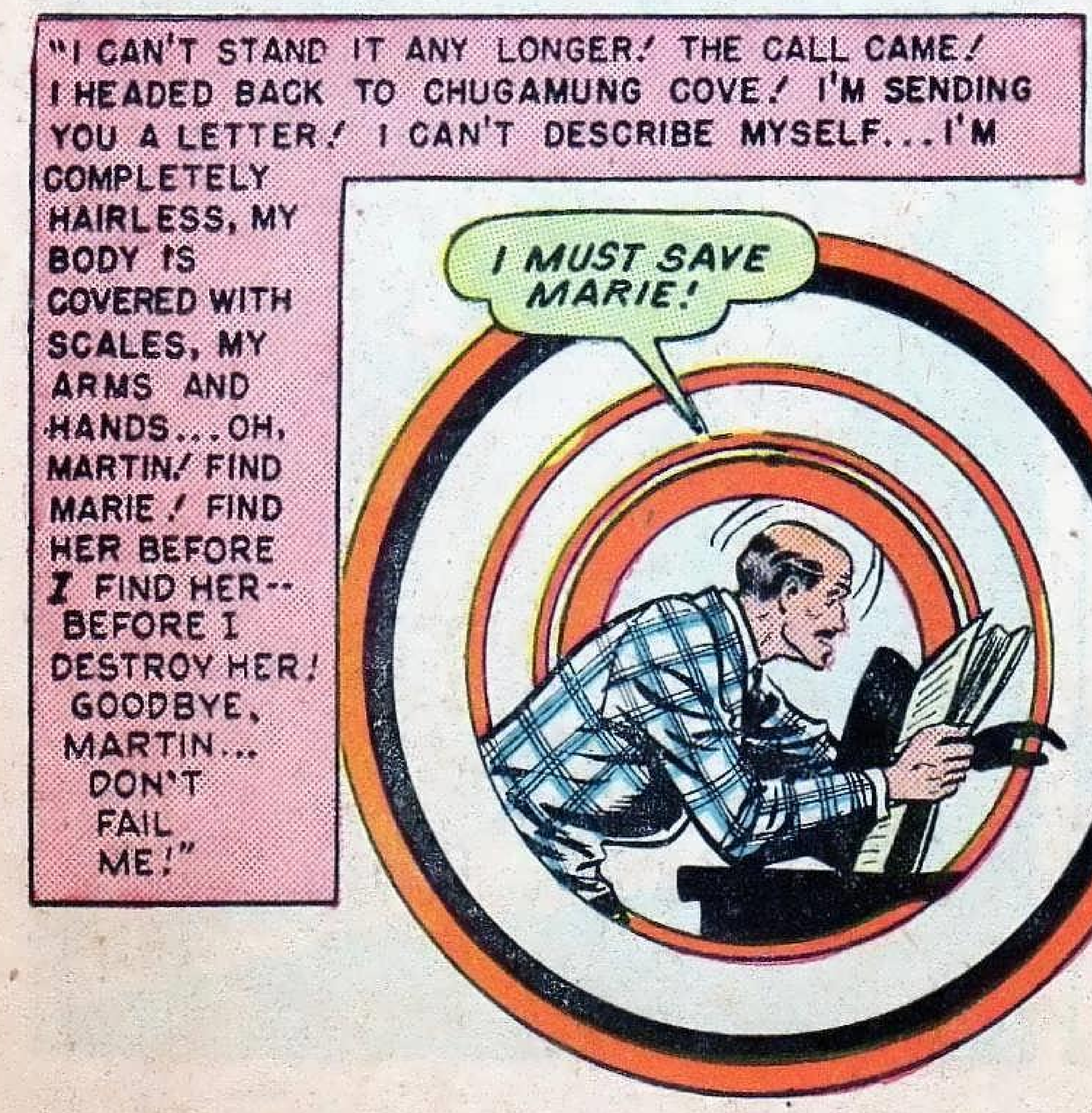

"INSIDE THE STATION, I GLANCED AROUND! STARING AT ME WAS A PECULIAR BUT FAMILIAR-LOOKING CREATURE! HIS FEATURES WERE CRUDE AND COARSE! HIS SKIN, WHITE AS A FISHBELLY! HIS EYES SLIGHTLY BULGED, AND DEVOID OF EYELASHES AND BROWS! SUDDENLY, I REALIZED THAT I WAS LOOKING INTO A MIRROR! THE CREATURE WAS ME!"

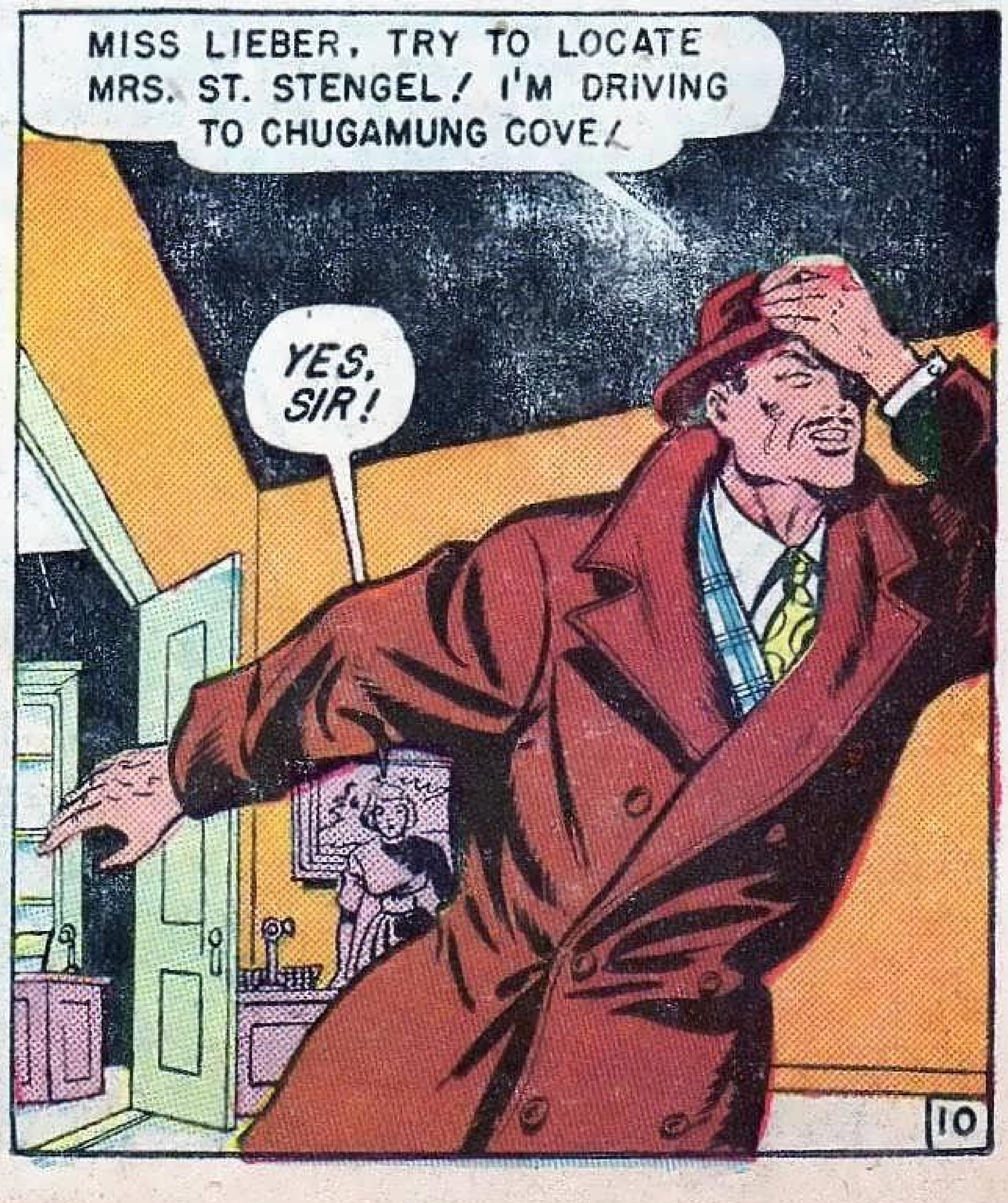

"I CRIED OUT AND SMASHED THE MIRROR TO SHATTERED FRAGMENTS!"
YOU LIE! YOU LIE!

"A TRAIN APPROACHED, ITS WEIRD WHISTLE MOCKING MY SHRIEKS! I RAN OUT AND SPRANG UPON IT AS IT THUNDERED BY!"




"I TRAVELLED INLAND... EVER INLAND, AWAY FROM THE SEA AND THE CALL I KNEW MUST COME! I WORE GLOVES AND KEPT MYSELF HIDDEN FROM PROBING EYES! I DARED NOT LOOK IN A MIRROR, FOR SANITY'S SAKE!"


"I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER! THE CALL CAME! I HEADED BACK TO CHUGAMUNG COVE! I'M SENDING YOU A LETTER! I CAN'T DESCRIBE MYSELF... I'M COMPLETELY HAIRLESS, MY BODY IS COVERED WITH SCALES, MY ARMS AND HANDS... OH, MARTIN! FIND MARIE! FIND HER BEFORE I FIND HER-- BEFORE I DESTROY HER! GOODBYE, MARTIN... DON'T FAIL ME!"
I MUST SAVE MARIE!

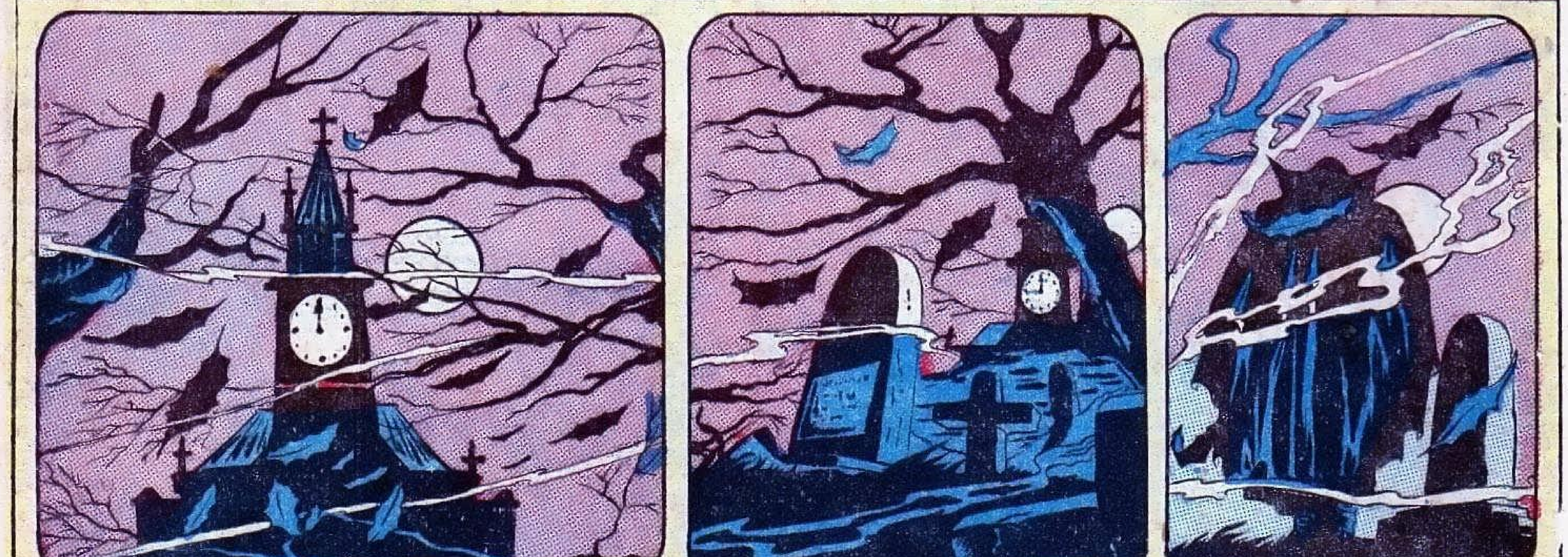

MISS LIEBER, TRY TO LOCATE MRS. ST. STENGEL! I'M DRIVING TO CHUGAMUNG COVE!
YES, SIR!

"I DROVE THROUGH THE NIGHT LIKE A MADMAN... ALONG AN EERIE, FOG-SWEPT COAST-LINE, TOWARD CHUGAMUNG COVE! THE LETTER HAD BEEN MAILED TWO DAYS BEFORE! PERHAPS I WOULD BE IN TIME!"
THERE'S CHUGAMUNG COVE AHEAD!
"THE CAR SHRIEKED TO A STOP! I JUMPED OUT! THE AIR WAS VIBRANT WITH A PECULIAR, UNHOLY HUM THAT SEEMED TO ROLL IN FROM THE SEA AND SEND CREEPY CHILLS UP MY SPINE!"
I'LL WAIT AWHILE.... AND WATCH!
THEN I SAW IT... A MONSTROUS, HIDEOUS THING, MUMBLING, CROAKING, AND LAUGHING RIBALD LAUGHTER, AS IT HOPPED AMONGST THE GRAVESTONES, AND TOWARD THE SEA!"
"AS THE LOATHSOME NIGHTMARE-SPAWNED CORRUPTION PLUNGED INTO THE SEA, THE HUMMING ROSE IN VOLUME, UNTIL IT BECAME A VAST, TRIUMPHANT CRY..."
THE SEA! THE SEA! THE SEEEEE!
MR. MANSFIELD, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! IT CAN'T BE TRUE-- ARE THERE REALLY SUCH MONSTROUS CREATURES LIVING AMONGST US ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH?
BLESS YOU, NO! I'VE JUST BEEN PULLING YOUR LEG, LEE! IT'S JUST A STORY--ONE OF MY FAVORITE STORIES!
WELL THEN--IF IT'S JUST A STORY--WHY WON'T YOU LET US PRINT ANY MORE SCIENCE FICTION TALES?
BECAUSE TWENTY YEARS AGO I SWORE I'D NEVER PRINT ANOTHER SUCH STORY UNTIL JOHN ST. STENGEL RETURNS FROM A RESEARCH TRIP I SENT HIM UPON!
WHERE DID YOU SEND HIM, MR. MANSFIELD?
CHUGAMUNG COVE!
THE END

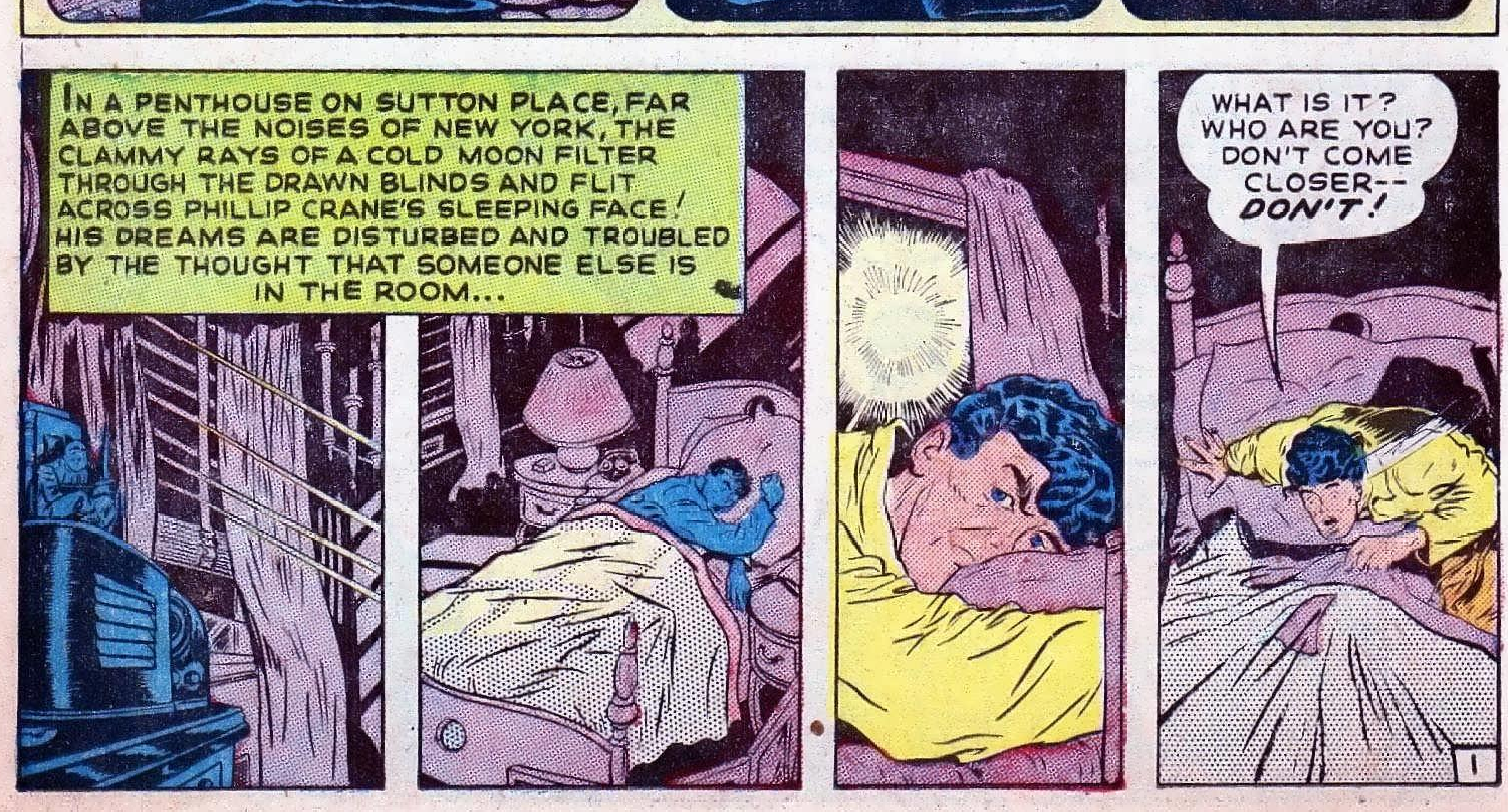
"THE MENACE FROM THE PAST!"

5200

MIDNIGHT! THE HOUR OF SHADOWS, WHEN DIMLY ACROSS THE GREYNESS OF OUR SLEEPING MINDS FLIT VAGRANT MEMORIES AND HALF-REMEMBERED DREAMS, AND THE CONSCIENCE OF MAN SLUMBERS, OR IS RUDELY AWAKENED... FITFULLY PHILLIP CRANE SLEEPS, BUT THIS NIGHT HE IS DESTINED TO RELIVE HIS YEARS IN MEMORY'S HALF-CONSCIOUSNESS, AND JUDGE HIS ACTS, AND WEIGH THEM AGAINST--HIS OWN DOOM!



IN A PENTHOUSE ON SUTTON PLACE, FAR ABOVE THE NOISES OF NEW YORK, THE CLAMMY RAYS OF A COLD MOON FILTER THROUGH THE DRAWN BLINDS AND FLIT ACROSS PHILLIP CRANE'S SLEEPING FACE! HIS DREAMS ARE DISTURBED AND TROUBLED BY THE THOUGHT THAT SOMEONE ELSE IS IN THE ROOM...


WHAT IS IT? WHO ARE YOU? DON'T COME CLOSER-- *DON'T!*

DON'T JUST STAND THERE! SPEAK! SAY SOMETHING! SAY SOME--WAIT! THE HAZE IS CLEARING! I CAN SEE YOU NOW! I-I *KNOW* YOU!!
YES PHILLIP, WE'VE MET BEFORE, REMEMBER? NOW I'VE COME FOR YOU--AND YOU'RE GOING WITH ME! YOU'VE NEVER KNOWN *WHO* I AM, HAVE YOU, PHILLIP? I THINK WHEN I'M THROUGH YOU'LL HAVE FIGURED THAT OUT FOR YOURSELF--AND I THINK YOU'LL *WANT* TO COME WITH ME!
LISTEN CLOSELY, PHILLIP, AND REMEMBER WHAT I SAY! EACH HUMAN LIFE IS IMPORTANT BECAUSE OF ITS EFFECT ON OTHER HUMAN LIVES...THINK OF YOUR OWN LIFE,--THINK BACK--AND THEN ADD UP THE BALANCE SHEET--FOR GOOD AND FOR BAD--AND SEE WHAT YOU GET!
"REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE A LITTLE BOY, PHILLIP? YOU WERE ALWAYS QUICK TO FEEL SORRY FOR YOURSELF--LIKE THE TIME YOUR PARENTS COULDN'T BE HOME ON YOUR BIRTHDAY--"
I'M SORRY YOU WON'T KISS ME GOODBYE, SON! WE HATED TO HAVE TO GO, DARLING--BUT IT CAN'T BE HELPED!
"ALONE, AS YOU WERE AFTER YOUR PARENTS LEFT TO BE WITH A SICK RELATIVE, YOU WERE SORRY FOR YOURSELF--YOU BROODED AND YOU REPROACHED YOUR PARENTS! IT NEVER OCCURRED TO YOU TO RETURN THE LOVE THEY LAVISHED ON YOU, AND TRY TO MAKE THEM HAPPY, DID IT? THEIRS WERE THE FIRST TWO LIVES YOU INFLUENCED, AND THEY NEVER KNEW A MOMENT'S JOY BECAUSE OF YOUR EFFORTS...'
MEAN OLD THINGS! OLD CRANKS! THEY'LL BE SORRY! AND THEY'D BETTER BRING BACK A SURPRISE, LIKE THEY PROMISED!
"THEY WERE VERY GOOD TO YOU--TOO GOOD PERHAPS! IT MAY HAVE BEEN *THAT* THAT GAVE YOU THE IDEA THAT THE WORLD OWED YOU EVERYTHING, AND YOU OWED IT NOTHING!"
HERE'S A SURPRISE, SON--TO MAKE UP TO YOU FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY! HOW DO YOU LIKE HIM, EH?
GOSH, A REAL LIVE PUPPY! OH BOY, CAN I TAKE HIM DOWN TO THE POND AND PLAY?
YES DEAR! HAVE A GOOD TIME!
"YOU RAN AND PLAYED UNTIL BOTH YOU AND THE PUPPY WERE QUITE EXHAUSTED! THEN YOUR STRANGE LITTLE MIND THOUGHT UP A NEW GAME...
YOU'RE A BAD DOG! YOU GET TIRED TOO QUICK! GO ON, ROLL OVER AND DO TRICKS FOR ME, DOGGIE! MAKE ME LAUGH!
"IT WAS STRANGE, PHILLIP, THE MORE PEOPLE WERE NICE TO YOU, THE CRUELER AND MORE EVIL YOU SEEMED TO GROW! NOW YOU WERE GOING TO HARM AN INNOCENT CREATURE!
GO ON AND MAKE ME LAUGH, DOGGIE! SEE THIS ROCK, DOGGIE? STAND UP ON YOUR HIND LEGS AND CATCH IT IN YOUR TEETH! LOOK OUT, I'M GOING TO THROW IT!
"THE ROCK SMASHED DOWN AND THE PUPPY SHUDDERED ONCE, THEN HE WAS VERY STILL..."
I KILLED HIM! SERVED HIM RIGHT...HE WOULDN'T MAKE ME LAUGH! I'LL HAVE TO HIDE HIM OR DAD WILL BE AWFUL MAD! WHAT'LL I DO?
"THAT'S WHEN *I* SHOWED UP...REMEMBER?"
WAS THAT A MISTAKE, YOUNG MAN--KILLING THAT DOG--OR DID YOU MEAN TO?
(GULP!) WH--??! WHO ARE YOU? AND WHY DO YOU CARE ABOUT THAT DOG? A LITTLE OLD DOG DOESN'T MATTER!
2

PHILLIP CRANE, **EVERYTHING** YOU DO MATTERS! TRY TO REMEMBER THAT! NOW WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT THE DOG?
I'M GOING TO KEEP DAD FROM FINDING OUT WHAT HAPPENED--THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO DO!
NO, PHILLIP--THAT WON'T SOLVE ANYTHING! YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE. YOU'VE INFLICTED AN INJURY AND YOU MUST TRY TO MAKE UP FOR IT SOMEHOW!
OH, GO AWAY! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING--I'M GOING TO DUMP THE DOG IN THE POND AND THEY'LL THINK HE DROWNED! YOU GO AWAY!
"I TRIED TO MAKE YOU SEE IT, BUT YOU DIDN'T EVEN UNDERSTAND MY MEANING! YOU CARRIED OUT YOUR SCHEME AND AS THE DOG'S BODY DISAPPEARED BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE WATER, YOU WERE STARTLED BY THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF THE GARDENER!"
OH, IT'S YOU, MASTER PHILLIP! I THOUGHT I HEARD VOICES! WERE YOU TALKING TO SOMEONE?
OH, YES... ER, I WAS JUST PLAYING HERE ALONE! WHY ARE YOU STARING AT THE POND, EMIL?
"THOSE THINGS HAPPEN, OF COURSE! THE DOG'S BODY FLOATED TO THE SURFACE AND YOU BECAME PANICKY..."
Y--YOU DROWNED THE LITTLE PUPPY! THE POOR LITTLE POOCH... YOU KILLED HIM, YOU LITTLE DEVIL!
N--NO... NO I DIDN'T!
"AGAIN YOU THOUGHT OF A QUICK WAY OUT--THE WRONG WAY OUT! YOU WENT RUNNING RIGHT TO YOUR FATHER--"
DAD... DAD! EMIL JUST KILLED MY DOG! HE THREW A STONE AT HIM AND THEN DROWNED HIM IN THE POND! I SAW HIM DO IT, DAD... I SAW HIM!
WH--??! EMIL DID THAT? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! SHOW ME WHERE HE IS, PHILLIP!
"POOR EMIL, I'LL NEVER FORGET HIS FACE... AND NEITHER WILL YOU..."
EMIL! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? HOW DARE YOU?
D-DONE? I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING, SIR! THE LAD DID IT, SIR! I SAW HIM DO IT!
HE'S LYING, DAD! HE TOLD ME HE DIDN'T LIKE DOGS!
YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF, EMIL! AFTER TWENTY YEARS WITH OUR FAMILY, YOU DO THIS! GO ON TO THE COTTAGE AND CLEAR YOUR THINGS OUT! YOU'RE FIRED!
I'LL CLEAR OUT, MR. CRANE, BUT I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU! THAT LAD'S A BAD-UN IF I'VE EVER SEEN ONE!
"IT'S JUST AS WELL THAT THE GARDENER LEFT--HE'D NEVER HAVE BEEN HAPPY THERE AGAIN! A THIRD LIFE INFLUENCED BY YOU, PHILLIP--IF YOU DON'T COUNT THE DOG--AND HOW WOULD YOU CALCULATE THE EFFECT ON THAT POOR GARDENER? THEN THERE WAS PRENTICE, YOUR LITTLE COUSIN, WHO PAID YOU A VISIT--"
"YOU AND PRENTICE HAD A GAY TIME PLAYING DUCKS AND DRAKES ON THE BRIDGE... THEN YOU RECALLED HOW THE PUPPY HAD LOOKED AS IT SANK BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE POND, AND YOU THOUGHT IT WOULD BE INTERESTING TO SEE HOW PRENTICE WOULD LOOK SINKING--"
G-GOSH, I DROPPED THE GOLD COIN DAD GAVE ME! LOOK HOW IT'S SHINING THERE IN THE WATER!
WHERE? I DON'T SEE IT!
3

"YOU WAITED JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR PRENTICE TO GET CLOSE TO THE EDGE, AND THEN...
THERE! THAT'S MORE FUN THAN DUCKS AND DRAKES!... YOU'LL MAKE A BIGGER SPLASH!
WH--??!.. OHHH...
"PRENTICE WENT UNDER AND THEN, AS YOU STARED IN FASCINATION, HIS HAND ROSE ABOVE THE WATER, FEEBLY REACHING FOR LIFE..."
"PHILLIP MIGHT HAVE DROWNED IF I HADN'T MADE YOUR FATHER SENSE THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG!"
PHILLIP!
I'M SO GLAD YOU HEARD ME CALL FOR HELP, DAD! YOU WERE JUST IN TIME! YOU KNOW I CAN'T SWIM!
I DIDN'T HEAR YOU, PHILLIP, BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T CALL! AND I KNOW THAT YOU CAN SWIM!
THAT WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE COMPLETE ESTRANGEMENT BETWEEN YOU AND YOUR PARENTS! IT WAS THE GREATEST SORROW OF THEIR LIVES WHEN YOU LEFT HOME AND NEVER SAW THEM AGAIN... BUT THEIR LOVE FOR YOU OVERCAME THEIR BITTERNESS AND YEARS LATER WHEN THEY DIED, YOU FOUND YOU HAD INHERITED THEIR ENTIRE FORTUNE!
STOP! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY MORE!
LISTEN TO ME A LITTLE LONGER, PHILLIP! YOU HAD NO FRIENDS, REMEMBER? YOU HAD TO BUY COMPANIONSHIP WITH PARTIES, GIFTS, YACHT TRIPS! REMEMBER THAT AUTOMOBILE RIDE IN 1945?"
TAKE IT EASY, PHIL! WE'RE HITTING ON ONE HUNDRED AND TEN!
THIS CAR WAS MADE FOR SPEED, CORY! WE'RE GOING TO BEAT THAT TURTLE TO THE CROSSING!
PHIL, PLEASE! DON'T BE SO RECKLESS!
"THERE WAS A TERRIBLE CRASH--FORTUNATELY YOU WERE ALL THROWN CLEAR! BUT THE ACCIDENT HAPPENED ONLY BECAUSE OF YOUR THRILL-SEEKING RECKLESSNESS!"
OF ALL THE LUCK! THIS WOULD HAPPEN TO ME--I ALWAYS GET THE BAD BREAKS! I COULD DIE OF BOREDOM RIGHT NOW AND NOBODY'D CARE!
"YOUR RECOVERY WAS SLOW--YOU WEREN'T ANY HELP TO THE DOCTORS IN MAKING YOU WELL, BEING TOO OCCUPIED WITH YOUR OWN BITTERNESS! IT NEVER BOTHERED YOU THAT THE OTHER OCCUPANTS IN THE CAR WERE IN THE SAME PREDICAMENT AS YOU-BECAUSE OF YOU!"
"LATER YOU WENT INTO A BUSINESS PARTNERSHIP WITH REGGIE CLOVIS! IT CERTAINLY WAS AN UNLUCKY DAY FOR HIM WHEN HE MET YOU, WASN'T IT, PHILLIP? IF HE'D ONLY KNOWN THAT DAY HOW LITTLE YOUR HANDSHAKE REALLY MEANT--"
WE'LL SHAKE, TO SUCCESS!
RIGHT! AND TO A HAPPY PARTNERSHIP!

REMEMBER REGGIE'S FIANCÉE, STEPHIE? SHE LOVED REGGIE AND DIDN'T CARE FOR YOU AT ALL, REMEMBER? THAT ANGERED YOU AND YOU DETERMINED TO GET HER, SOMEHOW!
STOP...STOP, YOU MONSTER! I DON'T REMEMBER... I DON'T WANT TO REMEMBER! NOT STEPHIE... NO, NOT STEPHIE!
"YOU TOLD REGGIE THAT YOU WERE TAKING THE DAY OFF, REMEMBER? INSTEAD, YOU TRICKED STEPHIE INTO MEETING YOU AT THE COUNTRY CLUB..."
IS ANYTHING WRONG WITH REGGIE, PHIL? TELL ME IF THERE IS, PLEASE! YOU SOUNDED SO TENSE OVER THE PHONE!
STOP WORRYING ABOUT THAT HEALTHY BOY-FRIEND OF YOURS, STEPHIE! THERE'S NOTHING WRONG...THAT IS, NOT EXACTLY! HOP IN THE CAR, I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT!
I'LL BE FRANK, STEPHIE! REGGIE'S BEEN GAMBLING HEAVILY ON THE MARKET WITH CORPORATION FUNDS... AND LOSING! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OF SAVING HIM AND THE COMPANY WHEN THE BREAK COMES! HE'S GOT TO TURN HIS SHARES OF COMPANY STOCK OVER TO YOU AT ONCE!
B-BUT, WHY? I DON'T UNDERSTAND, PHILLIP!
WHEN YOU GET THEM, TURN THEM BACK TO ME AND I'LL RE-INVEST THEM FOR REGGIE! HE WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE AND HE'LL BE SOLVENT WHEN THE BREAK COMES! HE'LL DO IT FOR YOU, STEPHIE!
IF IT MEANS REGGIE'S FUTURE, I'LL DO IT! I'LL KEEP IN TOUCH WITH YOU, PHILLIP!
"YOU GOT THE STOCKS A WEEK LATER AND PUT THE SQUEEZE ON REGGIE THE SAME DAY, REMEMBER?"
I'M SORRY, REGGIE, BUT THAT'S THE WAY IT IS! THE AUDITOR'S REPORTS DON'T LIE! EVERY BIT OF STOCK YOU TURNED OVER TO STEPHIE HAS BEEN CASHED AND SQUANDERED! I'VE HAD TO MAKE UP THE DEFICIT MYSELF! YOU'RE WIPED OUT, REGGIE!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HOW COULD SHE DO SUCH A THING TO ME!
LISTEN, PHIL! YOU CAN HELP ME! FLOAT A NEW ISSUE AND BUY THEM UP YOURSELF IN MY NAME! I'LL SIGN ANYTHING... I'LL GIVE YOU A PERSONAL NOTE FOR THE WHOLE THING! YOU'VE GOT TO DO IT!
IT'S BAD BUSINESS, REGGIE, BUT MAYBE I CAN HELP! MAKE OUT A WRITTEN STATEMENT ABOUT THE WHOLE BUSINESS! JUST LEAVE STEPHIE'S NAME OUT OF IT!
"REGGIE ALMOST COMMITTED SUICIDE THAT DAY, BECAUSE OF WHAT YOU HAD DONE! BUT HE WASN'T THE TYPE TO GIVE UP COMPLETELY--"
I CAN'T BELIEVE STEPHIE WOULD DO THIS TO ME! I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
"THAT WAS THE LAST YOU OR ANYONE EVER HEARD OF REGGIE CLOVIS... NO, YOU DIDN'T DESTROY HIM WITH A WEAPON, PHILLIP...YOUR METHOD WAS MORE SUBTLE... BUT EQUALLY DISASTROUS! ADD THAT TO THE RECORD, PHILLIP!"
"I TRIED AGAIN THEN, REMEMBER? AND AGAIN, YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN TO ME!"
WHY, PHILLIP CRANE, WHY? YOU DON'T LOVE STEPHIE--YOU COULDN'T LOVE ANYONE! YOU'VE RUINED ANOTHER LIFE--FOR NOTHING!
I'M TIRED OF YOU PREACHING TO ME! I'VE GOT STEPHIE NOW AND THAT'S WHAT I WANTED! I'M TAKING HER AWAY WITH ME--FAR AWAY FROM YOU!

"I WAS RIGHT, OF COURSE--WITHIN A WEEK YOU WERE WEARY OF HER--"
WHAT'S COME OVER YOU, PHILLIP? YOU'VE CHANGED... YOU'VE GROWN COLD, DISINTERESTED!
NONSENSE! I'M JUST PRE-OCCUPIED! LET'S RENT A PLANE AND GO FOR A SPIN THIS AFTERNOON! THE ALTITUDE MIGHT DO US BOTH GOOD!
'FRAIDY CAT! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE 'CHUTE? HAVEN'T YOU ANY CONFIDENCE IN YOURSELF AS A PILOT?
NO, IT'S NOT THAT! I FEEL A LITTLE NERVOUS WITHOUT ONE!
"YOUR HANDS WERE NUMB WITH COLD AS YOU STEPPED OUT OF THE PLANE AT AN ALTITUDE OF 9000 FEET!
PHILLIP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? PHILLIP! YOU KNOW I CAN'T MANAGE A PLANE ALONE! PHILLIP-- WAIT!
GOODBYE, MY PET! HAPPY LANDING!
"YOU WERE SURPRISED, WEREN'T YOU? FOR SHE DID MANAGE THE PLANE ALL RIGHT, WITH MY HELP! THE LANDING SHOOK HER UP CONSIDERABLY AND SHE NEVER GOT OVER THE SHOCK OF THE INCIDENT! BUT HER DISILLUSIONMENT WAS SO COMPLETE THAT SHE NEVER MADE ANY EFFORT TO SEE YOU AGAIN, PROBABLY PREFERRING TO FORGET..."
"AND SO YOU WERE FREE OF ANOTHER TROUBLESOME PERSON, AND FREE TO GO ON YOUR MERRY WAY! BUT I CAN'T ALLOW IT ANY LONGER, PHILLIP! THIS IS THE END OF THE ROAD! TELL ME--NOW DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
YOU'RE-- YOU'RE JUSTICE! BUT I WON'T LISTEN TO YOU! I'VE GOT EVERYTHING I WANT--I WON'T GIVE IT ALL UP NOW!
YOU WILL GIVE IT ALL UP! DID YOU THINK YOU COULD COMMIT ALL THOSE OFFENSES AGAINST HUMAN DECENCY AND DIGNITY AND NOT HAVE TO PAY FOR THEM? COME PHILLIP, COME! LEAVE YOUR BODY BEHIND-- YOU HAVE NO FURTHER NEED OF IT! FOR YOU SEE HOW IT ALL ADDS UP, DON'T YOU?
YES! I'VE DONE NO GOOD TO ANYONE-- I'VE DONE NOTHING BUT HARM TO EVERYONE I EVER KNEW! YOU'RE RIGHT!
JUST ONE STEP, PHILLIP! THE ABYSS OF TIME... THE SECRET GROTTOES OF THE NIGHT! THE TWILIGHT HOUR... THE UNKNOWN! THE LAPSE OF SECONDS BETWEEN SLEEPING AND WAKING... BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH! GO TO THE WINDOW, PHILLIP!
THE WINDOW-- YES, YOU'RE RIGHT! I MUST--
6
IT'S THE ONLY WAY, PHILLIP! YOU COULDN'T LIVE WITH WHAT YOU KNOW NOW- ABOUT YOURSELF!
AIEEEEEEE!
I MUST HURRY--THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE! THERE ARE SO MANY MORE LIKE PHILLIP CRANE!
AND SO HE WALKS THE STREETS--AND THE COUNTRY LANES--AS HE DID THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO, AS HE WILL THOUSANDS OF YEARS HENCE--AND FOR ALL TIME!
THE END

THE ISLE OF NO RETURN

OUTSIDE the window a chill wind howled, blowing gusts of rain in sheets down the darkened streets of Long Beach. Inside the hospital room Ann Lathrop and her husband Dan stood at the bedside of Dan's father, who was dying.

"If he'd only regain consciousness . . ." Dan whispered, "enough to recognize me before . . ."

His words trailed off, and there was silence in the room save for the old man's labored breathing. Suddenly his sunken eyes flew open. His lips moved fitfully.

"Dan?" The old man's voice was a harsh croaking. Dan leaned over close to his father's face.

"I'm here, Dad, I'm here."

His words were rewarded with a flicker of recognition.

"Dan," the old man murmured, "quick! Get to the chamber of horrors! There's no time to lose, something dreadful's happening there! Tonight! Quick . . . I can't . ."

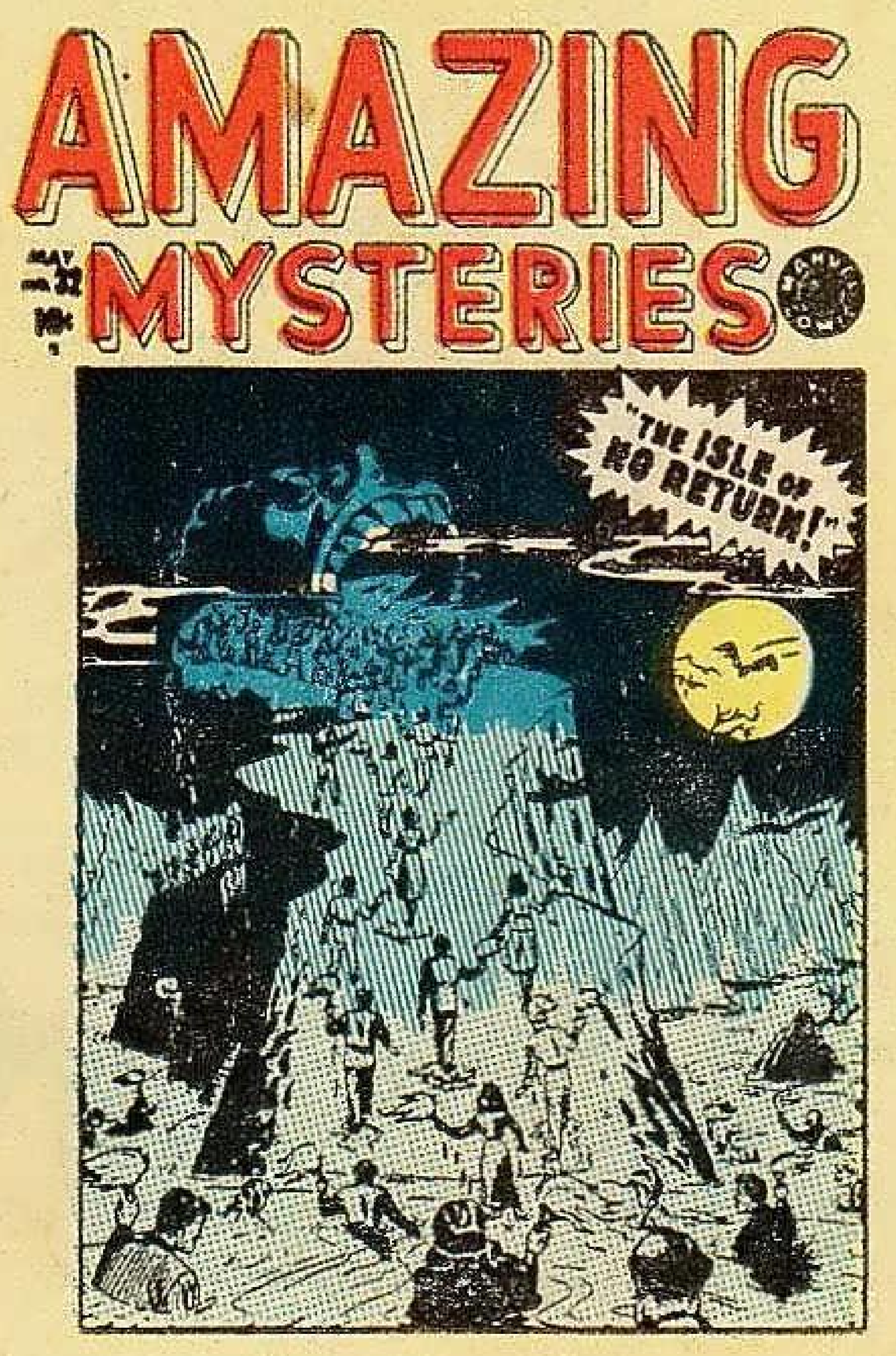
The sentence was never finished. The old man was dead. Silently Ann slipped out of the room and went to the window in the waiting room. In spite of the efficient bustle of a modern hospital around her, she felt a foreboding, a vague sense of sinister forces at work in the night outside . . .

An hour later, as a clock somewhere in the town chimed eleven, a touring sedan roared out of Long Beach onto the coastal highway. At the wheel Dan Lathrop was preoccupied, frowning. The windshield wiper squeaked rhythmically, and Ann fidgeted with the fringe of a lap robe. Finally she spoke.

"What is the chamber of horrors, Dan?" she asked.

Dan sighed. "I'll tell you," he said.

"First of all, I've never told you much about my father . . . He used to run amusement parks up and down the West Coast. He made a lot of money at it and finally decided to build a boardwalk of his own. He bought a stretch of beach and drew up elaborate plans for every kind of carnival amusement imaginable. Well, everyone scoffed at him, called it Lathrop's Folly and said it was crazy building this thing way out in the middle of nowhere. Then a man came along, a funny little old fellow named Victor Morlin. He was kind of a nut, worked as a fortune teller. When I was a child he rather frightened me.


AMAZING MYSTERIES
"THE ISLE OF NO RETURN!"

"Anyway, he encouraged my father and was full of ideas for the biggest attraction of the boardwalk, a chamber of horrors. My father took him in as a partner and when the pier was completed the first thing they built was this brain child of Morlin's, way out at the end of the pier. The day it was completed, the two of them were driving from Long Beach when an earthquake struck. It was one of those freak 'quakes that happen here, where one section is ruined and nearby they don't even feel it. When they got there, after the tremors had ceased, all they could see, across a stretch of water, was the strange shape that had been Morlin's chamber of horrors looming out of the sea . . .

"My father gave up the whole idea and returned, and until just now, I never heard him mention the place again."

"What about this Morlin person?" Ann asked.

Dan shrugged. "I haven't the faintest idea," he answered. "That's the story, until the other day when the hospital authorities at Long Beach sent for me, saying that my father'd been found on the beach a few miles from town, wet and exhausted. I guess pneumonia'd already set in."

He peered through the streaming windshield at the gleam of headlights slicing the darkness.

"This is it," he said.

They swung off the highway and he cut the motor. "We'll have to leave the car here," Dan said. "There's no road down to the water."

Ann climbed out. The rain had stopped but the night was chill, and menacingly black. Dan locked the doors. "Let's go," he murmured. "There's a sort of cliff up ahead, if I remember right."

They left the highway behind, and soon could see a pale glow lighting up the night ahead of

MARVEL
COMIC GROUP

a letter to our readers and their PARENTS!

HI, FRIENDS:

It has been reliably reported that in England, back in the 18th Century, book stores were called "slop shops of literature," simply because they sold novels. And that was the century in which some of our greatest classics were written; the century of Dafoe, who wrote *Robinson Crusoe*, and Swift and his *Gulliver's Travels*. It was also the century of Dr. Samuel Johnson, one of the brightest stars in the history of English literature. And it was Dr Johnson who most vociferously defended the right of booksellers to sell the new, much abused novels and the right of authors to express themselves in this medium if they desired.

But what Dr. Johnson defended most enthusiastically was the right of the public to *read what they wanted to read*. And what we are defending is the right of youngsters to read whichever they like of the many, many good, clean comics currently being published.

Just as the critics of the 18th Century rapped the books which are now classics, in the same way there are critics of today, screaming and tearing out their hair, because a new kind of magazine, still in its infancy, is not to their liking. And as in the case of the novel, it is still too early for any man to pass judgment on the comics.

Let these critics of today look to their history. Let them decide if they want to be remembered as the 20th Century counterpart of the people who called Robinson Crusoe "slop".

And let the people of America decide if they want to be swayed by critics exercising premature judgment . . . or if they want to wait and watch, and soon realize that most comic magazines are really good, clean, healthful and entertaining reading matter.

THE EDITORS,
MARVEL COMIC GROUP

P. S.—Remember: Dr. Jean Thompson, School Psychiatrist, Child Guidance Bureau, New York City Board of Education, is now our Editorial Consultant. Dr. Thompson's professional examination of our magazines, as advisor to our staff, (see Page 1) is your guarantee that the Marvel Comic Group magazines are striving to bring you the very best in reading matter . . . and it is also your best argument that no one should ever take away your right to read these magazines.

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- JUSTICE COMICS
- LAWBREAKERS ALWAYS LOSE
- MITZI'S BOY FRIEND
- MY ROMANCE
- OSCAR

them. Ann clutched Dan's arm as they came to the top of a small cliff and she gasped at the scene on the beach below.

Dozens of people were grouped about, standing silently, as if waiting for a signal. Flickering torches were held aloft, gleaming on the water and sending long shadows on the sand.

Suddenly, into the silence of the night a voice boomed.

"Come!" The voice echoed, as if buried deep in some hidden cavern of the earth. "Come to the Isle of No Return!"

Ann shivered. Straining her eyes she could see, across a stretch of water, a small island with rough steps built up its sheer sides, and at the top what appeared to be the head of some huge hideous monster, its mouth yawning wide.

Dan followed her gaze. "That's the chamber—" Suddenly he stiffened. "Look!"

The silent torchbearers nearest the water had surged forward and were wading toward the island, followed by the others.

"Come on," Dan said. "I don't like it, but we'll have to join this pilgrimage and see what this is all about!"

He clambered down the incline, pulling Ann with him, and they mingled in the group wading to the island.

As they emerged from the water and started climbing the steps, they saw that those in front were walking right into the gaping mouth of the beast, which they could now see was carved from some rough stone. From within the voice echoed ceaselessly. "Come inside, never to return. Come . . ."

"That voice," Dan whispered, sounding puzzled. "It's familiar, somehow."

With the last of the others, they entered the grotesque doorway and descended a flight of steps. They emerged into a large cavernous room, its walls rising to a dome within the shape of the monster's head. The silent people stood transfixed in the flickering light of their torches. High above, on a shelf built into the rock, a wizened old man sat on a carved throne, his eyes, Ann could see even at this distance, glittering malevolently.

"Ann!" Dan whispered in her ear. "That's Victor Morlin!"

As Ann stared, he rose from the throne.

"I am the king!" his voice boomed, and echoes reverberated.

"And we are your subjects, o king!" the others chanted in unison.

"Dan!" Ann whispered. This is crazy! What's it all about?"

"I think I'm beginning to get it," Dan answered. "Morlin's obviously unbalanced, and these people are obviously hypnotized . . ."

Morlin's voice roared: "What will you do for me?"

"Anything, o king! We will do your bidding," the mob chanted.

"He must have been telling fortunes," Dan continued, "and hypnotized his clients, telling them to gather here at midnight. Dad got wind of it somehow and tried to stop it—" Dan stopped, startled, as Morlin suddenly pointed directly at them, eyes flashing wildly.

"Someone here is not joining in!" Morlin shouted. "It's a man and woman! They don't belong here—seize them!"

"Yes, o king!" The answering chant echoed about them as Dan seized Ann's hand and started hastily up the steps. The others surged after them as they plunged out the huge mouth and down the path toward the water. "Seize them!" the voice roared angrily, as they stepped into the water and splashed ahead. Ann glanced back and could see the others following, the nearest only a few yards behind, their eyes glazed and torches raised menacingly. Dan pulled her on and they finally gained the beach and headed for the cliff. Its sides were sheer and they slid back.

"We can't make it!" Ann gasped; the others were upon them now. Just as the first hands seized them roughly, there was an ear-splitting roar. All stopped dead in their tracks and turned to look back at the Isle of No Return. In the mouth of the beast was silhouetted Victor Morlin, his arms waving wildly as the earth beneath his feet split in two.

"Great guns!" Dan murmured. "Another earthquake! And in exactly the same place!"

The ground they stood on moved faintly and was solid again, but a few hundred yards away the earth had opened up to swallow Victor Morlin and the chamber of horrors that he had built. Now there was nothing but the restive surface of the sea.

Around them rose a great bewildered murmuring of voices.

"Come on, Ann!" Dan said. "Let's go. It'll be all right now. Morlin's dead and his hypnotic spell is broken.

They slipped away from the group and back to their car.

"What do you suppose," Ann asked pensively, "that crazy little man had in mind?"

"Who knows?" Dan said, starting the motor. "But one thing's sure: whatever his mad scheme was for enslaving these people, it wasn't meant to be! Providence—or coincidence—provided two earthquakes to stop it!"

THE END SL—5231

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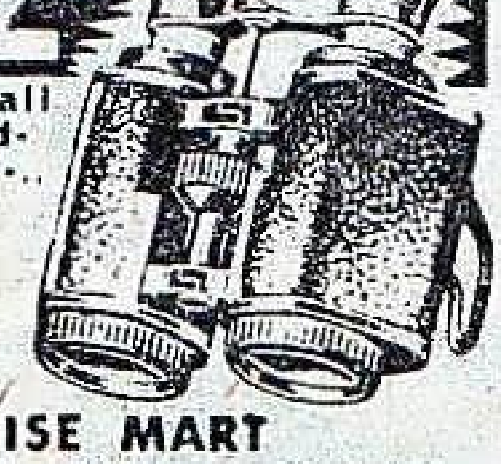

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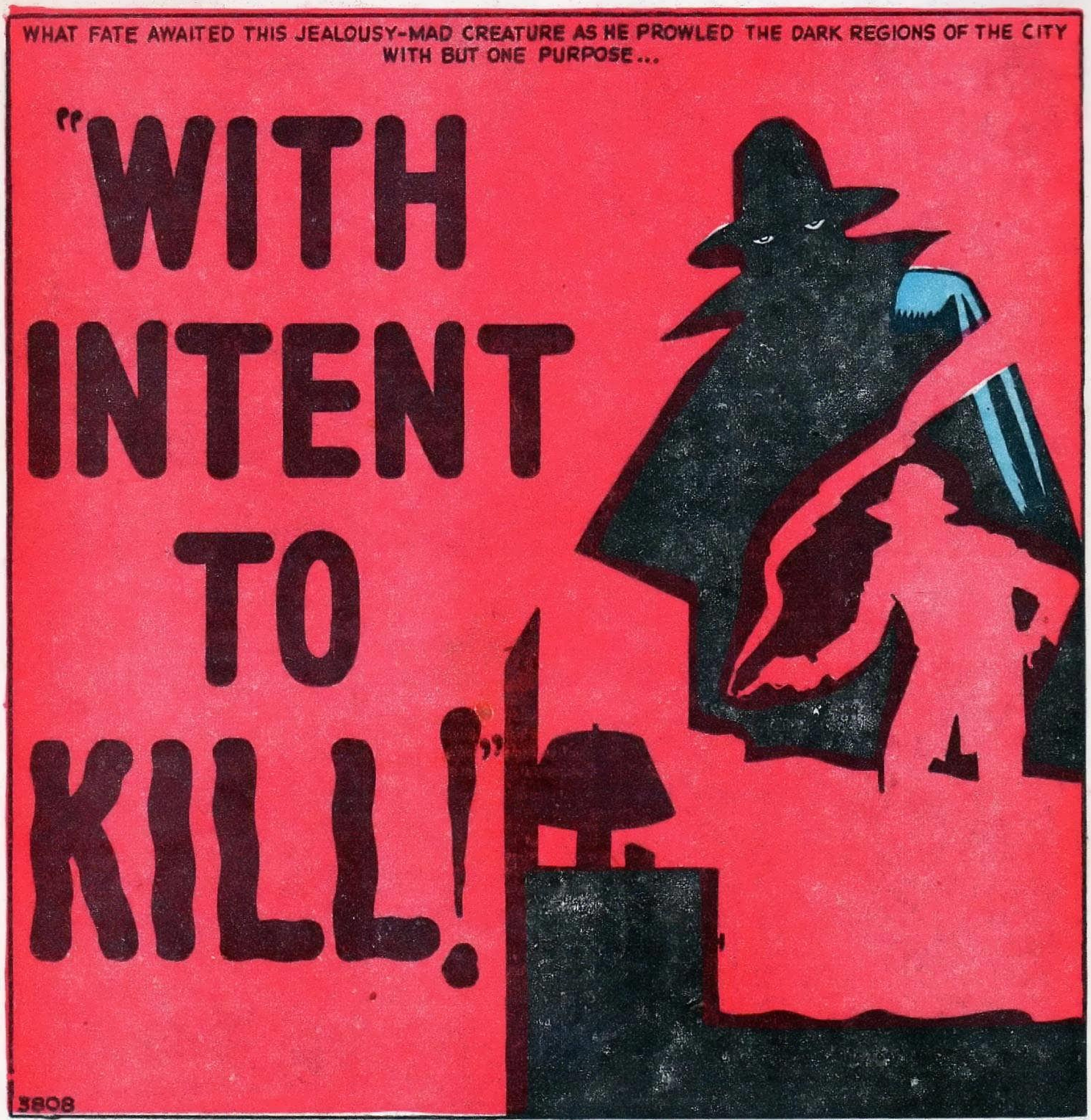
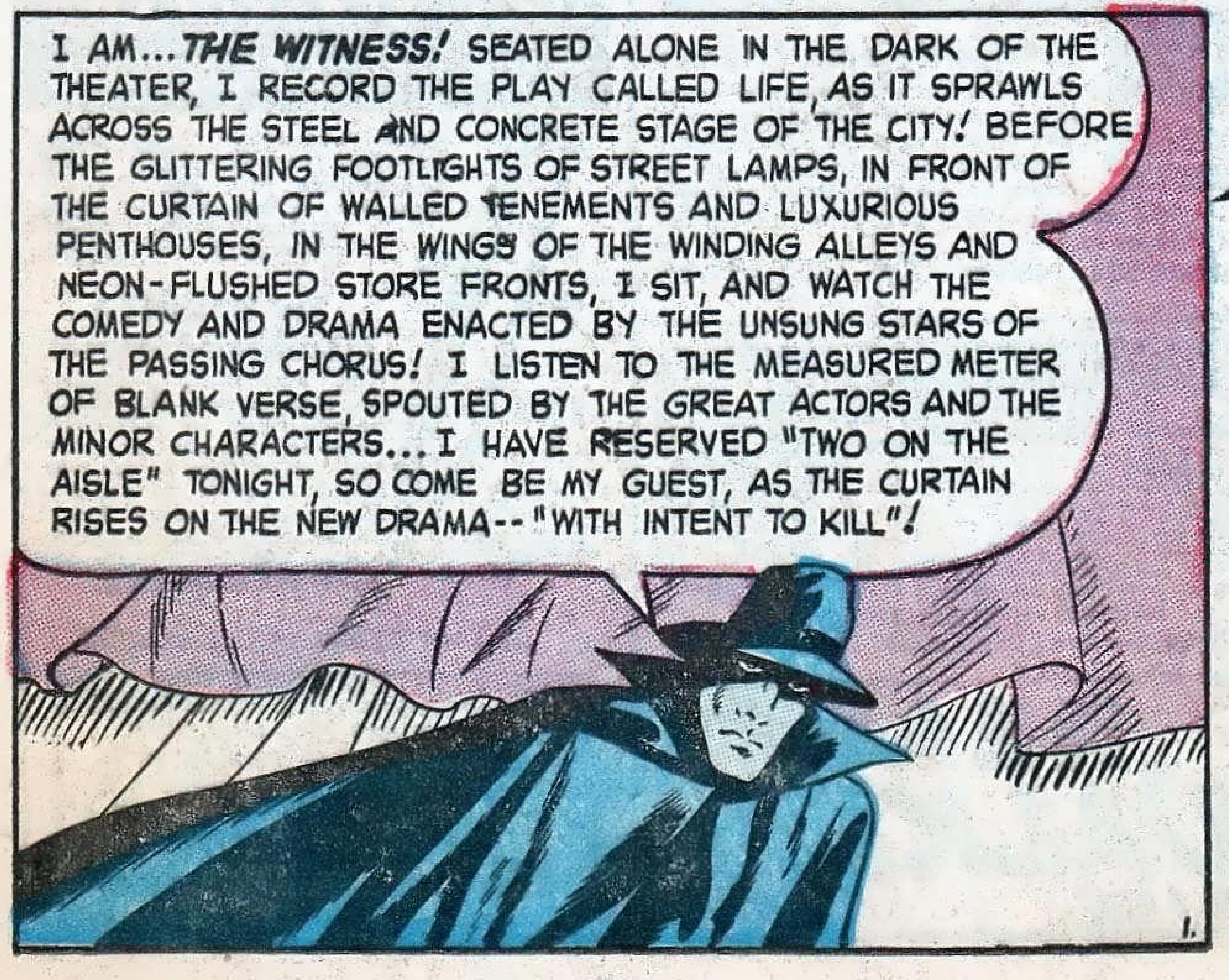
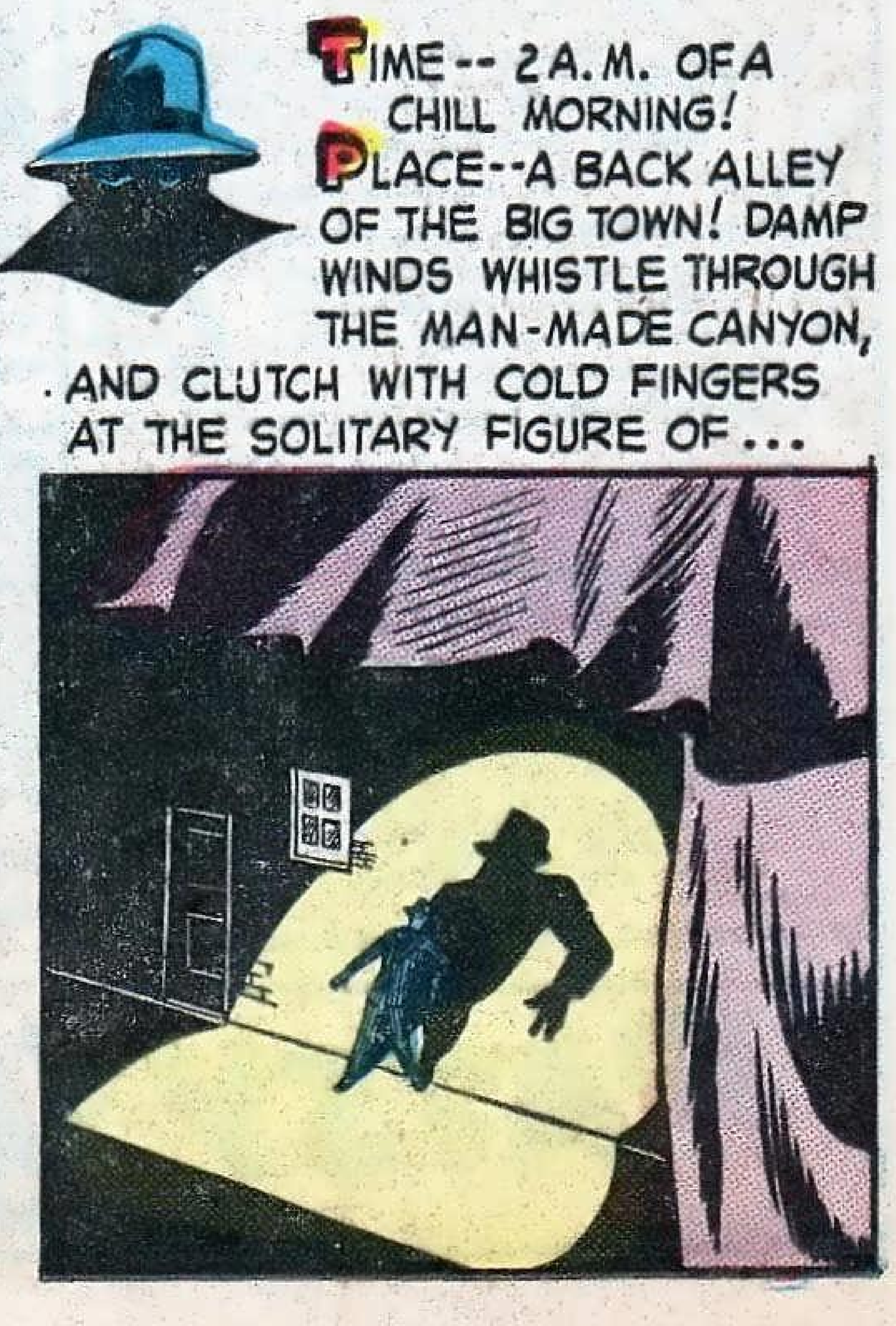
WHAT FATE AWAITED THIS JEALOUSY-MAD CREATURE AS HE PROWLED THE DARK REGIONS OF THE CITY WITH BUT ONE PURPOSE...

"WITH INTENT TO KILL!"

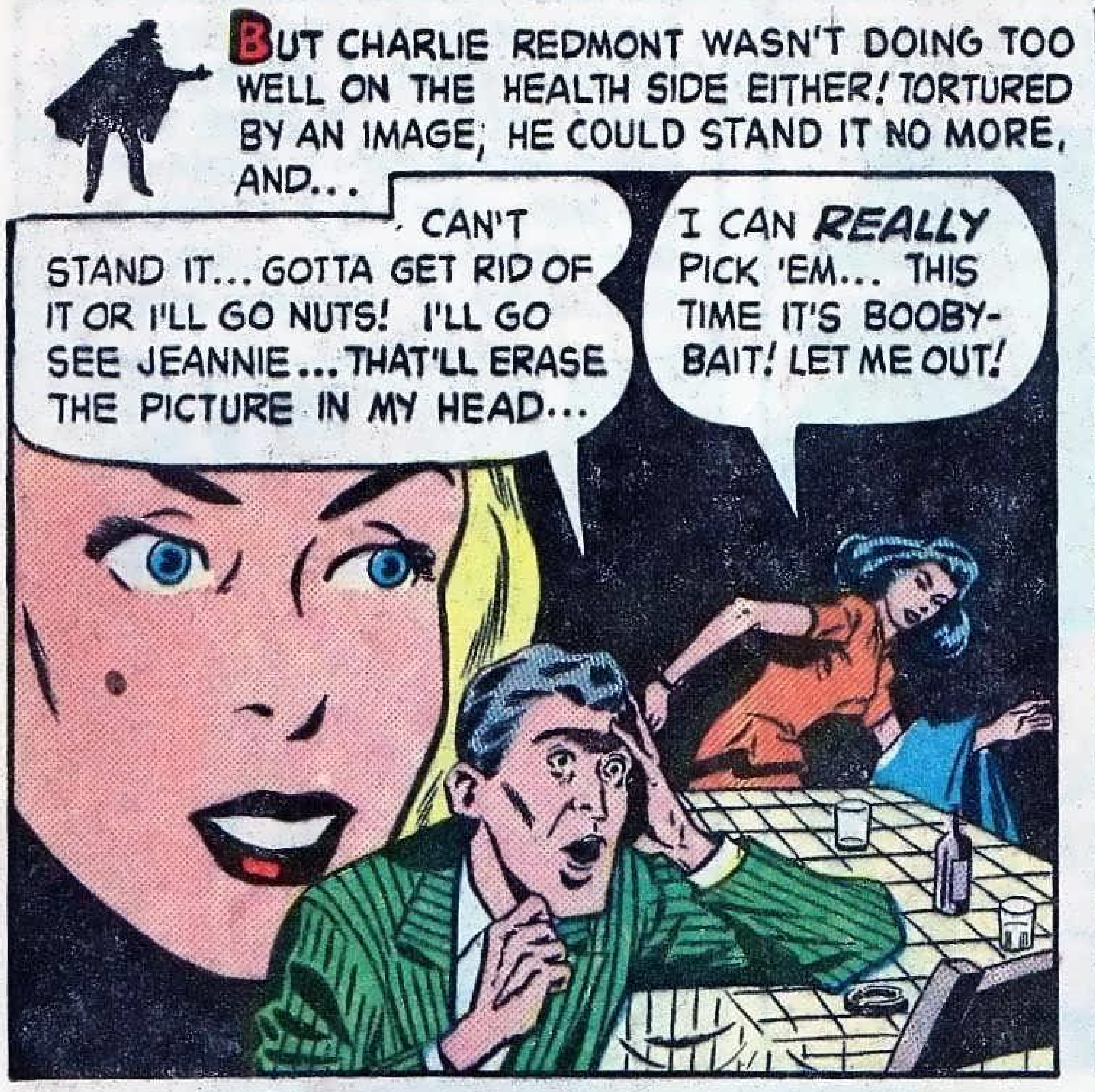


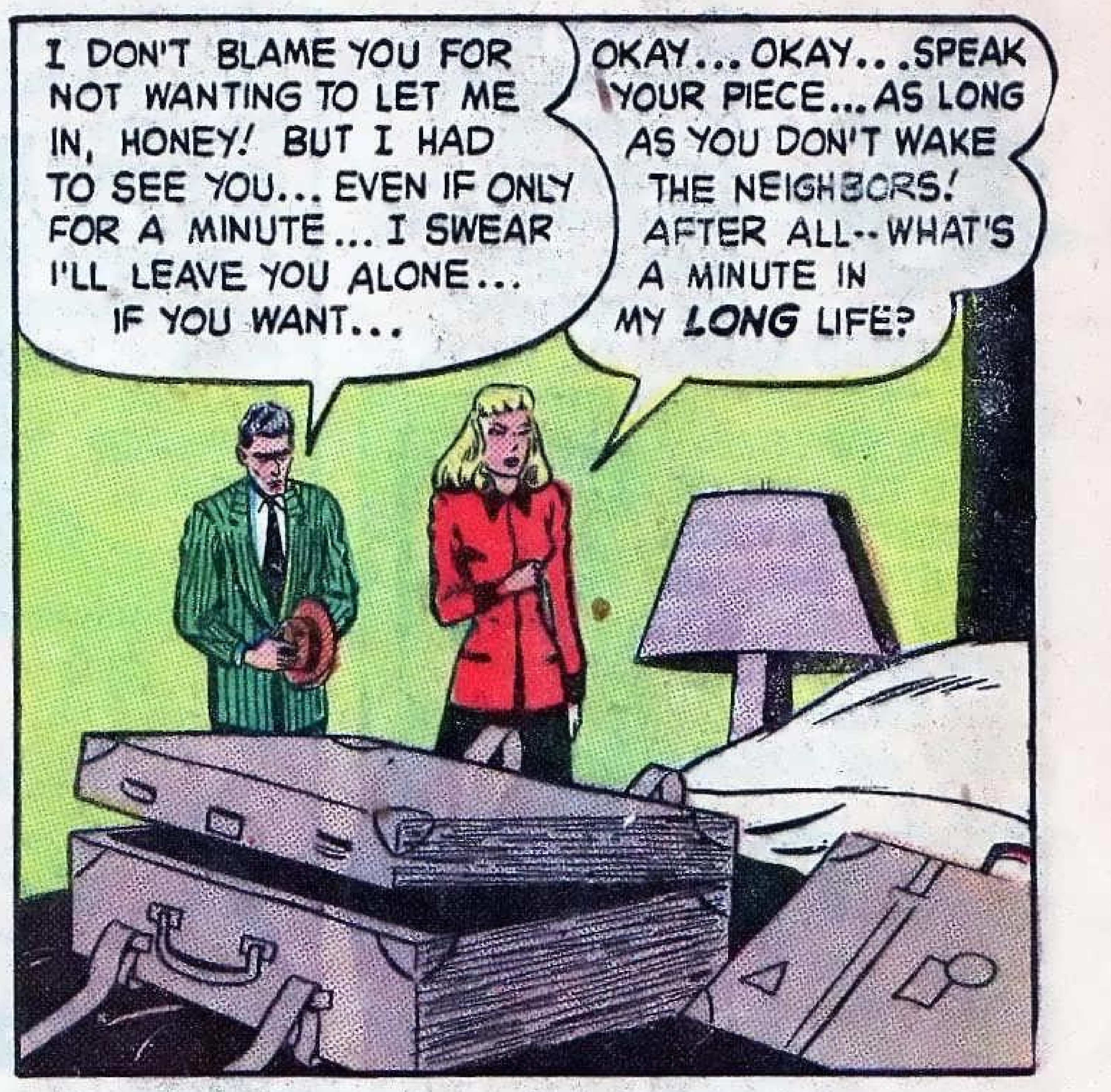

I AM... *THE WITNESS!* SEATED ALONE IN THE DARK OF THE THEATER, I RECORD THE PLAY CALLED LIFE, AS IT SPRAWLS ACROSS THE STEEL AND CONCRETE STAGE OF THE CITY! BEFORE THE GLITTERING FOOTLIGHTS OF STREET LAMPS, IN FRONT OF THE CURTAIN OF WALLED TENEMENTS AND LUXURIOUS PENTHOUSES, IN THE WINGS OF THE WINDING ALLEYS AND NEON-FLUSHED STORE FRONTS, I SIT, AND WATCH THE COMEDY AND DRAMA ENACTED BY THE UNSUNG STARS OF THE PASSING CHORUS! I LISTEN TO THE MEASURED METER OF BLANK VERSE, SPOUTED BY THE GREAT ACTORS AND THE MINOR CHARACTERS... I HAVE RESERVED "TWO ON THE AISLE" TONIGHT, SO COME BE MY GUEST, AS THE CURTAIN RISES ON THE NEW DRAMA--"WITH INTENT TO KILL"!
1.

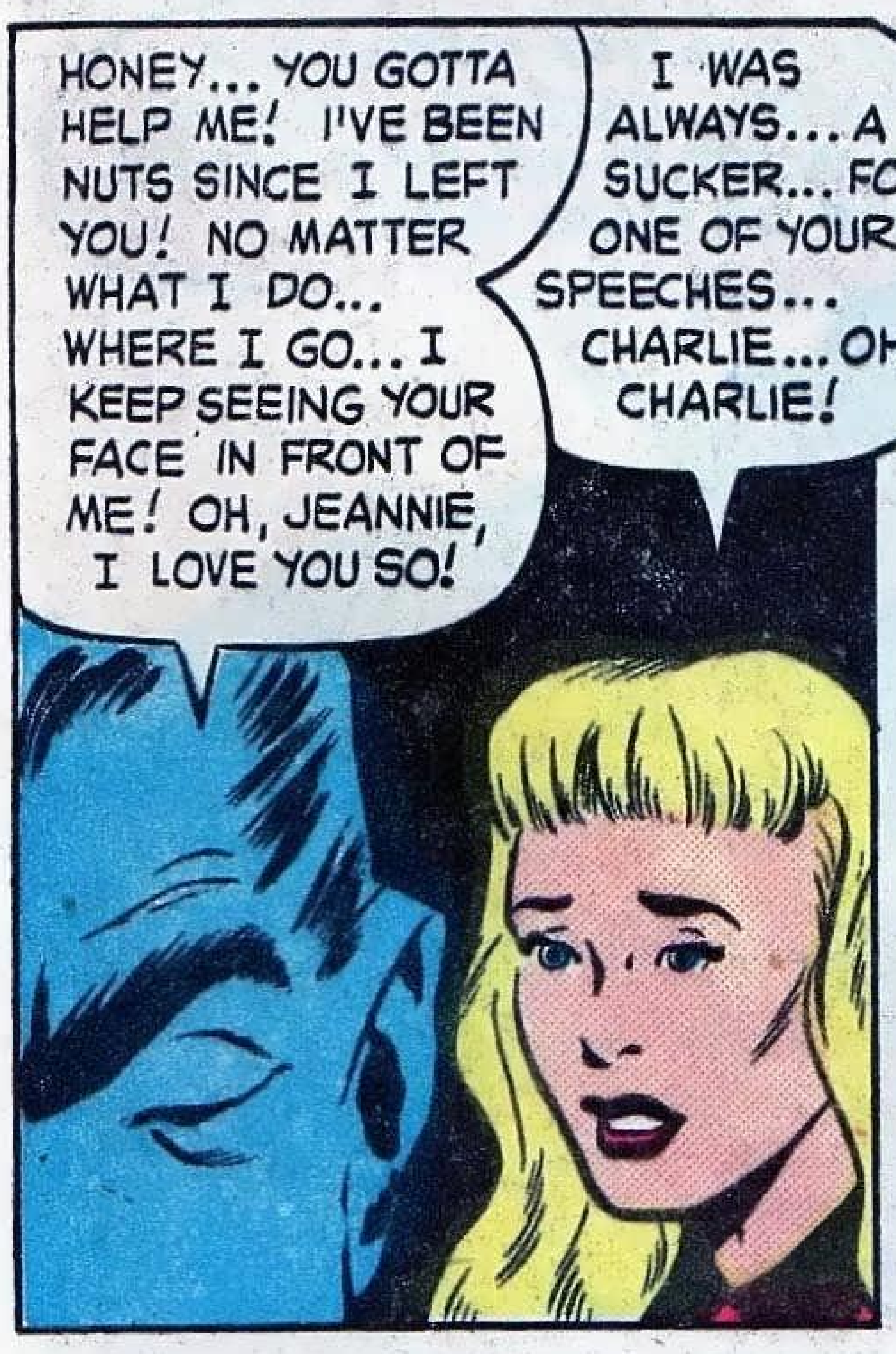

TIME-- 2 A.M. OF A CHILL MORNING! PLACE--A BACK ALLEY OF THE BIG TOWN! DAMP WINDS WHISTLE THROUGH THE MAN-MADE CANYON, AND CLUTCH WITH COLD FINGERS AT THE SOLITARY FIGURE OF...

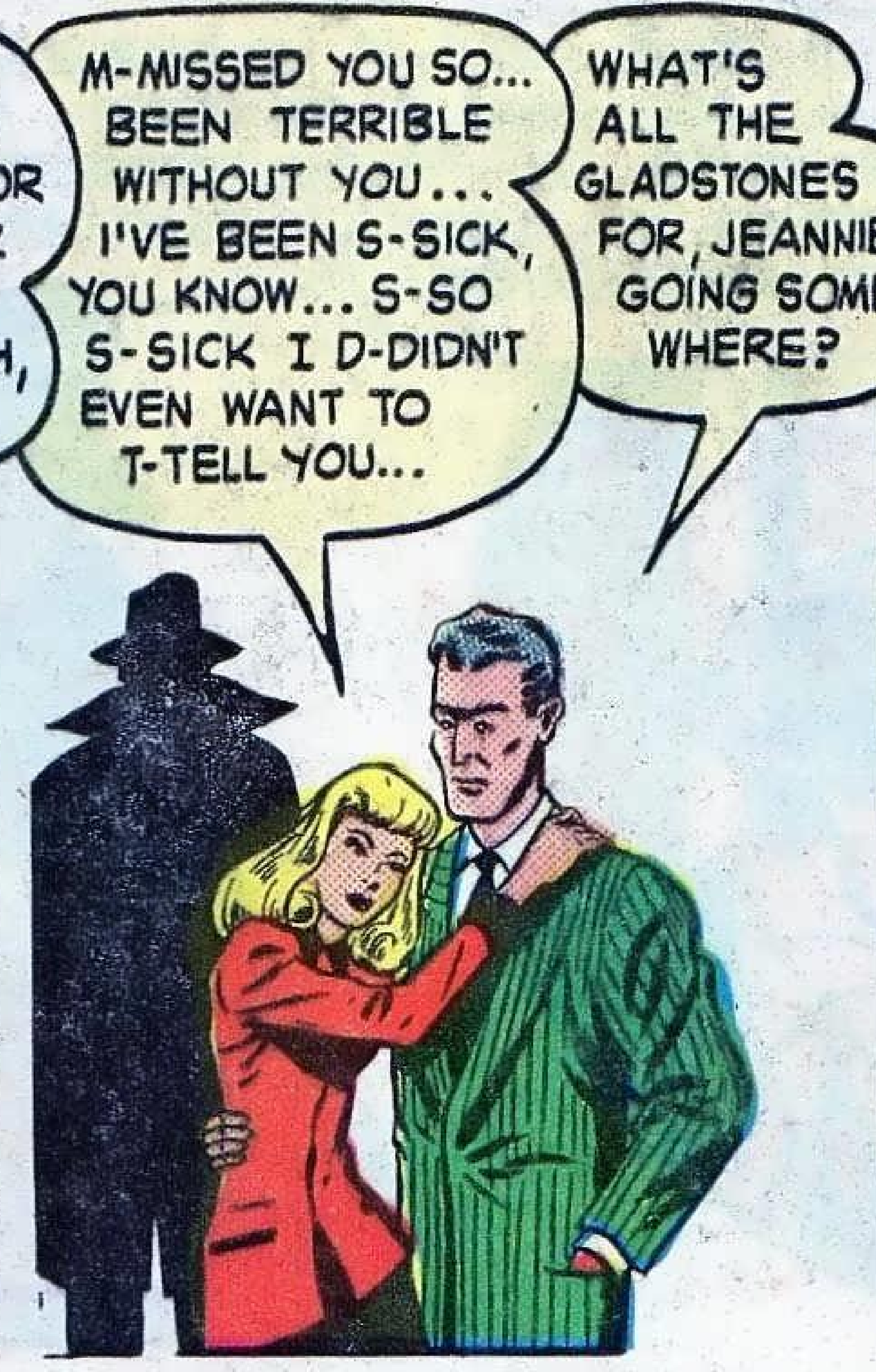
...CHARLES REDMONT, SWATHED IN SHADOW-- HUNCHED TO THE WALL-- A WHITE-KNUCKLED HAND JAMMED IN HIS COAT-POCKET, CLUTCHING THE BONE-COLD FRAME OF A .45...
SUDDENLY, A SHIFT OF SCENE... WE FLASH BACK A FEW MONTHS TO SPRING, WHEN THE SOFT SOUNDS IN THE AIR ARE RENT WITH THE WAIL OF A JAZZ-HORN, AT A DARK DANCE HERALDING THE NEW SEASON...
MY NAME IS CHARLES REDMONT! I'D LIKE TO KNOW YOU... WHAT'S YOURS?
YOU MAKE AN INTRO SOUND LIKE A CAMPAIGN, MR. REDMONT... AFTER ALL, A GIRL DOESN'T LIKE FEELING LIKE AN OBJECTIVE IN YOUR "OPERATION PICK-UP!"
PRETTY CUTE ON THE REBUTTAL, BABE... EXCUSE THE BLITZ, BUT I'M ONE OF THE IMPATIENT JOES! TIME'S FLEETING... IT'S SPRING, AND YOU'RE THE BEST FANCY THIS YOUNG MAN'S SEEN! SO WHAT DO YOU SAY?
I'VE HEARD A LOT OF LINES IN MY LIFE... BUT YOURS! BET YOU CAN CATCH A WHALE WITH IT! ANYWAY, MY NAME'S JEANNIE LOCKHART!
WHALES? HECK, JEANNIE, I DON'T BAIT FOR BLUBBER! MERMAIDS-- THEY'RE MY STYLE! SO HOW'S ABOUT FLAPPING A FLIPPER WITH YOUR FISHER BOY?
HA! HA! AREN'T YOU THE ONE THOUGH, CHARLIE! WHAT A WAY TO ASK A GIRL TO DANCE!
IT WAS AS SIMPLE AS THAT! THE SEASON WAS RIGHT... AND RIGHT OFF THE BAT, IT GOT TO BE STEADY! THAT IS... UNTIL THE NIGHT THAT MARKED THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY MONTH OF THE AFFAIR...
WHATSA MATTER WITH SIGNORITA JEANNIE, CHARLIE? YOU SAY TO HAVE SPAGHETTI READY FOR EIGHT... SHE'LL BE HERE...
CAN'T FIGURE IT!... MUST BE SOMETHING'S DETAINED HER... BUT SHE SHOULDA CALLED! I'LL SWEAT IT OUT SOME MORE...
OH, MR. CHARLIE... YOU GO? AND SO MAD! IS BAD TO BE SO MAD ON AN EMPTY STOMACH! AND ALSO, WHAT SHOULD I DO WITH THE SPAGHETTI?
STUFF IT WITH ANCHOVIES AND FEED IT TO THE CAT! HERE, ANGELO, THIS SHOULD COVER THE FEAST!
AS CHARLIE STOMPED ANGRILY OUT OF ANGELO'S ON HIS WAY FOR A SHOW-DOWN AT JEANNIE'S APARTMENT, JEANNIE "ENTERTAINED" ANOTHER VISITOR...
WELL, MISS LOCKHART, FEELING ANY BETTER? YOU'VE BEEN OUT A LONG TIME! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE FOOLED AROUND WITH THE ILLNESS YOU'VE GOT, BUT CALL ME AS SOON AS THE PAIN GETS STRONG!
I CALLED AS SOON AS I COULD CATCH MY BREATH, DOCTOR ROSS, BUT I PASSED OUT AGAIN AND... TELL ME, DOCTOR... IT--IT ISN'T...

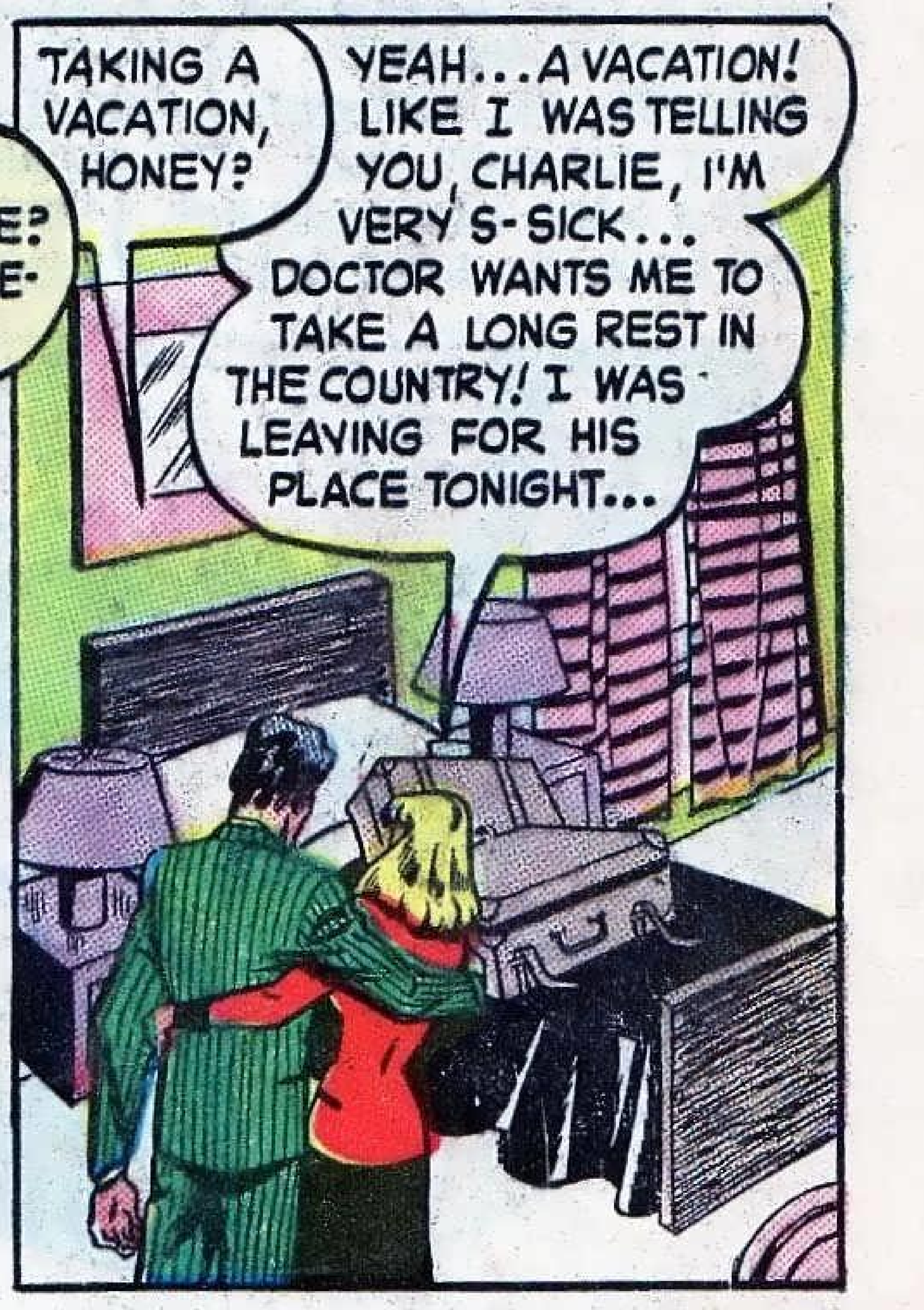
WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING, PUNK? JUST BECAUSE YOU CARRY M.D. PLATES ON YOUR HEAP DON'T GIVE YOU THE RIGHT TO RUN PEOPLE DOWN!
I'M TERRIBLY SORRY! EXCUSE ME, WON'T YOU?
CHARLIE! I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE COME! CHARL... WHAT'S THE MATTER, DARLING, IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG?
YOU KNOW, YOU MISSED YOUR CALLING... SHOULD HAVE BEEN AN ACTRESS! YOU DON'T SHOW UP AT ANGELO'S, I COME UP HERE AND CATCH YOU ALL DECKED OUT AND THE GUY EVEN BUMPS ME ON THE WAY OUT... AND SHE ASKS ME, "IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG?"
SO THAT'S IT! WHY, YOU POOR SAP, CAN'T YOU SEE I'M SICK? THE MAN WHO LEFT HERE WAS MY DOCTOR!
SO THERE WAS A GUY UP HERE! DOCTOR! WHAT A SLICK GIMMICK! MADE SURE HE CARRIED THAT LITTLE BAG TO GIVE YOU A CLEAN BILL OF HEALTH, SO'S I WOULDN'T GET WISE!
SICK? YEAH... JUST LIKE ME! SICK AND TIRED OF YOUR TWO-TIMING WAYS... WHAT A LAUGH, A DOCTOR YET! I SUPPOSE HE SPECIALIZES IN HEART TROUBLE! WELL, BABY, MAKE SURE HE DIAGNOSES YOU STRAIGHT, 'CAUSE THIS PATIENT IS CHECKING OUT WITH CARDIAC DISEASE!
CHARLIE! CHARLIE! COME BACK...OHH...MY H-HEART...
SO CHARLIE RETURNED TO THE FOLD AND PLAYED THE FIELD IN AN EFFORT TO FORGET JEANNIE...
JOAN...
I'M CHARLIE REDMONT...
...ONE OF THE IMPATIENT JOES!
SALLY...
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
HEE! HEE! AREN'T YOU THE ONE...
I'M BETTY!
WHILE CHARLIE PILED UP NIGHTCLUB CAMPAIGN RIBBONS IN HIS BATTLE WITH JEANNIE'S MEMORY... SHE WAS IN A FIGHT OF HER OWN...
DOCTOR, I'VE BEEN IN THE HOSPITAL SO LONG...WHEN WILL I BE WELL ENOUGH TO GO HOME? OR MAYBE...I'LL NEVER GO...
JEANNIE, WE'VE DECIDED TO SEND YOU OUT OF HERE IMMEDIATELY! WE'VE ARRANGED TO HAVE YOU COME UP TO MY CONVALESCENT HOME FOR AWHILE!!
OH, DOCTOR... THAT MEANS I'M WELL... EVERYTHING'S FINE?
I'M SORRY, JEANNIE, BUT YOU'RE FAR FROM WELL! THERE'S NOTHING MORE THAT WE CAN DO FOR YOU! YOU SEE, JEANNIE, UNLESS A MIRACLE OCCURS... YOU'VE GOT ABOUT TEN MORE MONTHS TO LIVE!

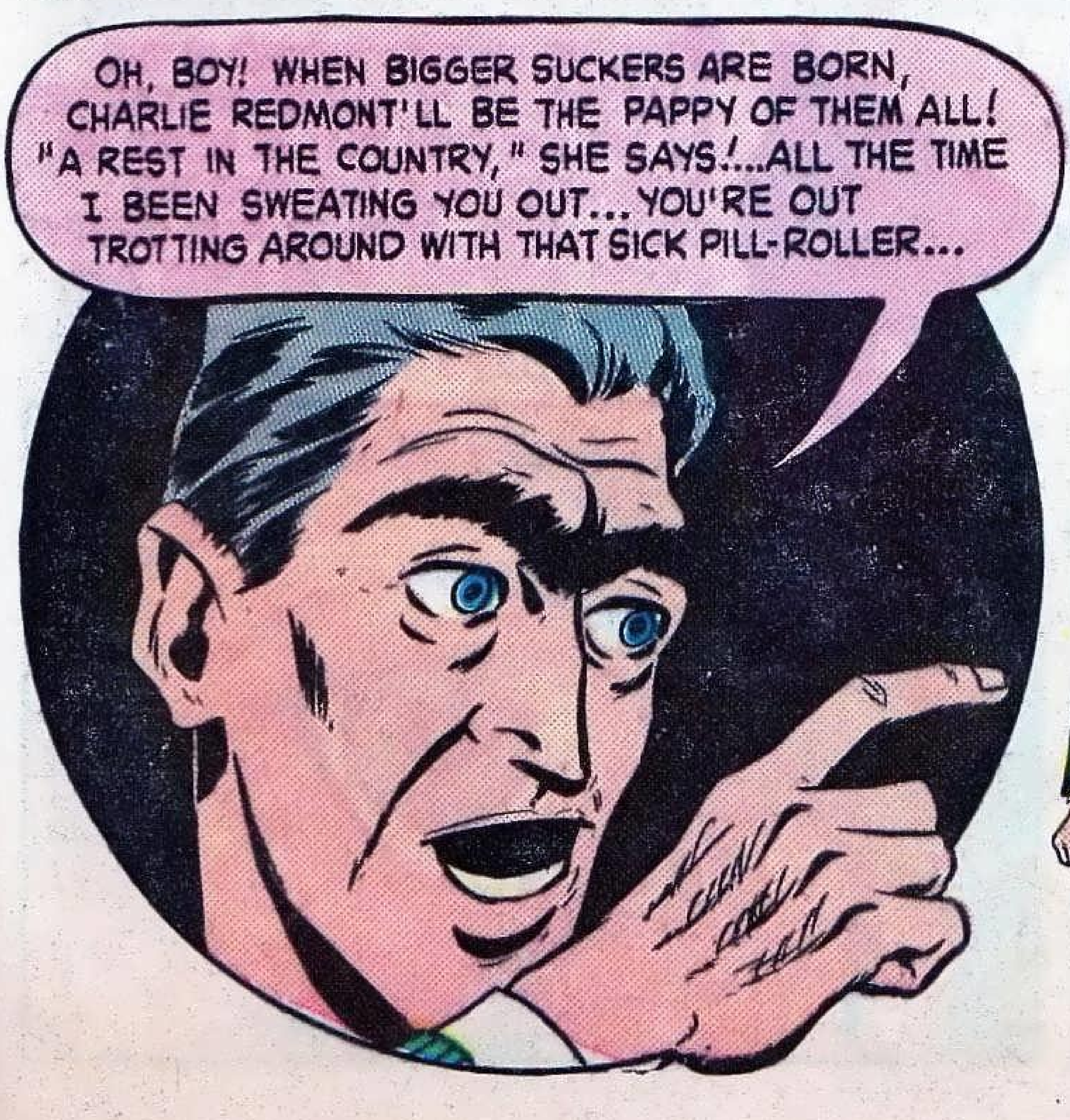

BUT CHARLIE REDMONT WASN'T DOING TOO WELL ON THE HEALTH SIDE EITHER! TORTURED BY AN IMAGE, HE COULD STAND IT NO MORE, AND...
...CAN'T STAND IT... GOTTA GET RID OF IT OR I'LL GO NUTS! I'LL GO SEE JEANNIE... THAT'LL ERASE THE PICTURE IN MY HEAD...
I CAN REALLY PICK 'EM... THIS TIME IT'S BOOBY-BAIT! LET ME OUT!

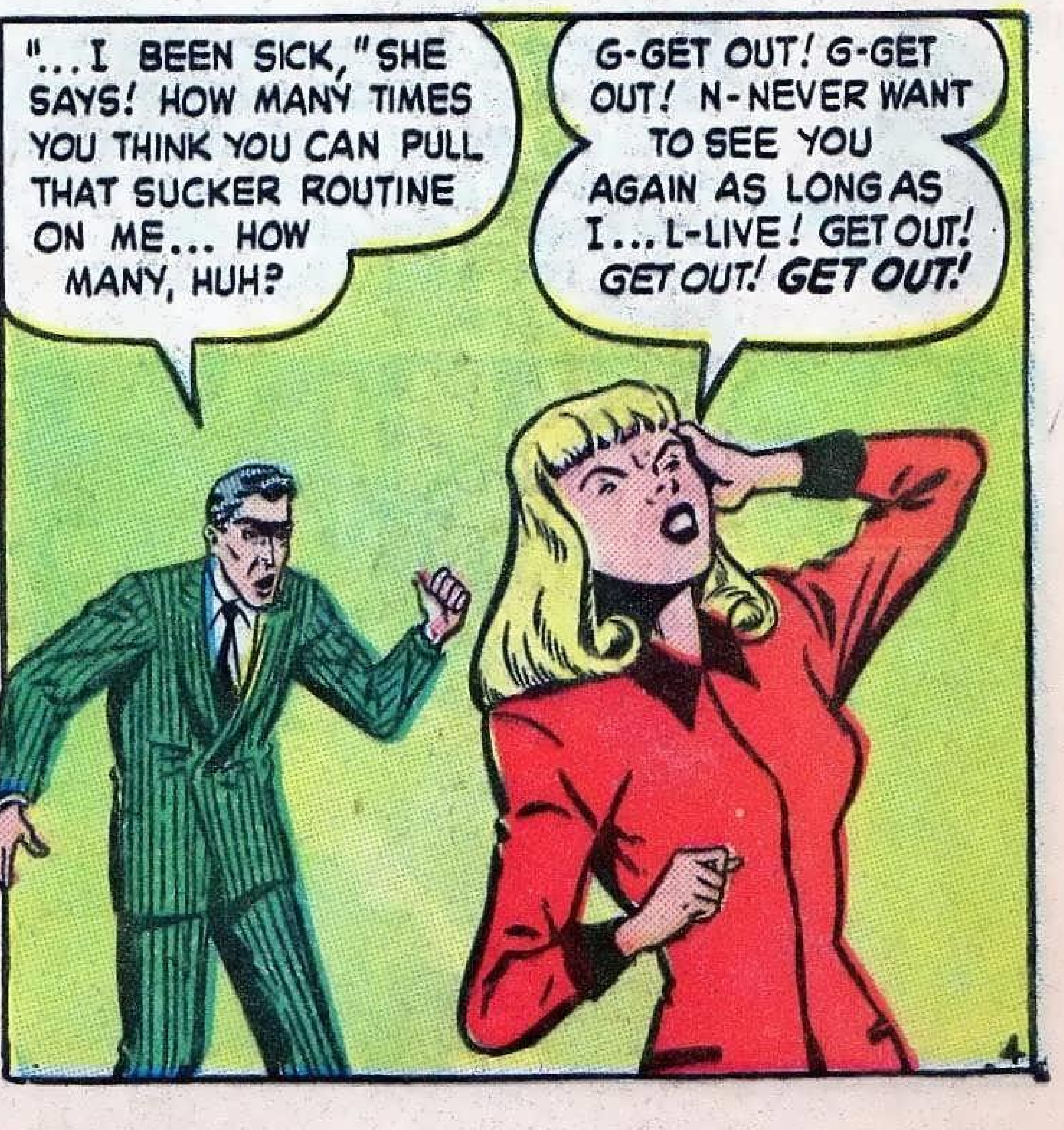

I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR NOT WANTING TO LET ME IN, HONEY! BUT I HAD TO SEE YOU... EVEN IF ONLY FOR A MINUTE... I SWEAR I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE... IF YOU WANT...
OKAY... OKAY... SPEAK YOUR PIECE... AS LONG AS YOU DON'T WAKE THE NEIGHBORS! AFTER ALL--WHAT'S A MINUTE IN MY LONG LIFE?


HONEY... YOU GOTTA HELP ME! I'VE BEEN NUTS SINCE I LEFT YOU! NO MATTER WHAT I DO... WHERE I GO... I KEEP SEEING YOUR FACE IN FRONT OF ME! OH, JEANNIE, I LOVE YOU SO!
I WAS ALWAYS... A SUCKER... FOR ONE OF YOUR SPEECHES... CHARLIE... OH, CHARLIE!


M-MISSED YOU SO... BEEN TERRIBLE WITHOUT YOU... I'VE BEEN S-SICK, YOU KNOW... S-SO S-SICK I D-DIDN'T EVEN WANT TO T-TELL YOU...
WHAT'S ALL THE GLADSTONES FOR, JEANNIE? GOING SOMEWHERE?


TAKING A VACATION, HONEY?
YEAH... A VACATION! LIKE I WAS TELLING YOU, CHARLIE, I'M VERY S-SICK... DOCTOR WANTS ME TO TAKE A LONG REST IN THE COUNTRY! I WAS LEAVING FOR HIS PLACE TONIGHT...


OH, BOY! WHEN BIGGER SUCKERS ARE BORN, CHARLIE REDMONT'LL BE THE PAPPY OF THEM ALL! "A REST IN THE COUNTRY," SHE SAYS!...ALL THE TIME I BEEN SWEATING YOU OUT... YOU'RE OUT TROTTING AROUND WITH THAT SICK PILL-ROLLER...


"...I BEEN SICK," SHE SAYS! HOW MANY TIMES YOU THINK YOU CAN PULL THAT SUCKER ROUTINE ON ME... HOW MANY, HUH?
G-GET OUT! G-GET OUT! N-NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN AS LONG AS I... L-LIVE! GET OUT! GET OUT! GET OUT!

WITH THE RAPIDLY DIMINISHING SHRIEKS OF JEANNIE'S HYSTERIA STILL RINGING IN HIS EARS, CHARLIE LEFT THE APARTMENT, AND RESTED AGAINST THE DOOR...
GOTTA DO SOMETHING TO MAKE ME FORGET HER VOICE... IT'S STILL SHRIEKING IN MY HEAD... GOTTA GET RID OF IT... GET RID OF IT... ONCE AND FOR ALL!
WATCH CAREFULLY, NOW...CHARLIE'S HAND REACHED OUT AND FLIPPED THE LATCH ON JEANNIE'S DOOR... AS A FANTASTIC PLAN FORMED IN HIS JEALOUSY-CORRODED BRAIN...
REALLY BEAT TO THE SOX TODAY, JIMMY! GOIN' HOME AND RIGHT TO BED... BY THE WAY, WHAT TIME IS IT?
EXACTLY 7:15, MR. REDMONT! COME TO THINK OF IT, YOU DO LOOK POOPED-OUT...
MARVEL
LOVE
TWO GUN KID
IDEAL
CAPTAIN AMERICA
HUMAN TORCH
WHY, HERE'S MY STAR BOARDER, MR. REDMONT! MY, MY, YOU MUST HAVE HAD A HARD DAY, DEAR BOY... YOU LOOK ALL TIRED OUT!
THAT I DID, MRS G., AND THAT I AM... GOING RIGHT UP AND HIT THE HAY-- AFTER ALL, IT'S ALMOST EIGHT! 'NIGHT, EVERYONE!
SO CHARLIE SAT IN HIS DARK, NARROW ROOM, GUN READY... WAITING... LISTENING... HEARING THE FOOTSTEPS AS, ONE BY ONE, THE BOARDERS SHUFFLED UP THE STAIRS TO BED...
ONE BY ONE, HE COUNTED THEM OFF... THERE'S MRS. GOODAL AND HER POODLE WADDLING BY-- SLIM TAYLOR, DRAGGING HIS SHOT-UP LEG BEHIND HIM-- THE DOORS SHUT... THE HOUSE GREW QUIET... AND SOMEWHERE A CLOCK BONGED MIDNIGHT...
STILL HE WAITED, TUCKED IN THE SHADOWS, LIT IN FLICKERING CADENCE BY THE FAT SIGN THAT FLASHED ITS REGULATED PALE HUE INTO THE ROOM... STILL ANOTHER PAIR OF FEET HAD TO ASCEND! WHAT WERE THEY WAITING FOR?! COME ON... COME ON... WE DON'T HAVE ALL NIGHT!

WHAT WAS THAT? HEAR IT? [illegible]... [illegible]... LISTEN! SUCK IN YOUR BREATH... DON'T MAKE A SOUND... SURE, THE LAST LIGHTS ARE BEING SWITCHED OFF! STAIRS GROANING... THE LAST PAIR OF FEET DRAGGING PAST THE DOOR... JUST A LITTLE WHILE NOW... JUST A LITTLE WHILE...
OKAY... WAITED LONG ENOUGH... THEY SHOULD ALL BE ASLEEP BY NOW... EASY NOW... DOOR SQUEAKS... REMEMBER EACH WORN SPOT IN THE CARPET... ETCH THE MEMORY OF EVERY SQUEAKY BOARD IN YOUR HEAD... START DOWN THE HALL... SOFT, LIKE A CAT...
WHAT WAS THAT!
NOTHING... RELAX... JUST SLIM, FEEDING MORTARS SOMEWHERE IN THE SOLOMONS! GOTTA WATCH THE STAIRS NOW... THIRD FROM TOP IS LOOSE... CREAKS LIKE A MOANING MANIAC...
PHEW! SO FAR, OKAY... FROM HERE ON, IT'S VELVET! JUST OUT THE DOOR AND DOWN THE BACK-ALLEY ROUTE I PLANNED... NOBODY'LL BE AROUND TO SPOT ME NOW...
HEY, KID! WHERE YOU CAT-PADDING THIS NIGHT? REBOP, BEBOP AND A JIM-JAM... SHOULDA HEARD THE LICKS... WE WERE REALLY GROOVING THIS A.M.! YEAH BOO! BEEBOP! DERE, DOP!
SHUT-UP! YA WANNA WAKE THE WHOLE HOUSE? GO ON... GO TO BED!
HEEEE! HEEE! LAY M'SLEEPY HEAD ON M'WEARY BED! WHAT A LYRIC... WANNA HEAR A BLAST? NO? NO... TOO LATE... GOTTA LAY M'HEAD... GOTTA GO BYE-BYE... SHUT-EYE... AND LIKE A MOUSE... IN THE HOUSE... HEY, BUB!

CRAZY HORN-TOOTLER! MAYBE HE'LL REMEMBER SEEING ME GO OUT... MAYBE I BETTER... NAW! CAN'T... IT'S TONIGHT OR NEVER! SHE'S FADING FOR THE HILLS... GOTTA GET RID OF HER BEFORE SHE LEAVES! HE'LL NEVER REMEMBER, HE'S TOO HOPPED UP ON BEBOP TO DIG ANYTHING FISHY...
THIS IS WHERE WE CAME IN... TIME-- 2 A.M., OF A CHILL MORNING... PLACE--BACK ALLEY OF THE BIG TOWN... WITH THE WIND WHISTLING THROUGH THE MAN-MADE CANYON... AND CHARLIE REDMONT, SWATHED IN SHADOW... HUNCHED TO THE WALL!
THIS IS IT! FOUR FLIGHTS UP IN THE ELEVATOR, A SHORT STROLL DOWN THE LONG HALL... AND I RUB THE PICTURE OUT OF MY HEAD FOR GOOD!
HEY! THE DOOR... IT'S STUCK... WON'T OPEN!
NO... CHARLIE... IT'S NOT STUCK! IT'S LOCKED! ONE LITTLE DETAIL YOU FORGET... YOU NEED A KEY TO GET IN THE FRONT DOOR OF JEANNIE'S APARTMENT HOUSE...
GOTTA DUCK... SO THEY DON'T SPOT ME! MAYBE THIS COUPLE IS THE GIMMICK I NEED TO GET IN THE DOOR!
WELL, GOOD NIGHT! GEE... IT WAS SUPER...
YEAH... SUPER... AND SO ARE YOU, MARY!
C'MON... C'MON... LET'S BUST UP THIS ROMEO AND JULIET SCENE... BREAK, AND LET'S GET ON WITH IT!
WELL... NIGHT...
MAYBE I BETTER SEE YOU UPSTAIRS, MARY? CAN'T TELL WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN WHEN I GO AWAY!
LOOK, MISTER... I CAN TELL YOU WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF YOU KEEP HANGING AROUND!

AW.. I'M OKAY! SEE YA TOMORROW, HONEY! G'NIGHT!
OKAY, IF YOU SAY SO, MARY... 'NIGHT!
NOW...CAREFUL! WAIT'LL HE GETS IN... AND HE'S OUT OF SIGHT! BUT NOT TOO LONG... THE DOOR MIGHT SLAM SHUT AND THEN...
LUCK'S STILL HOLDING! GOTTA KEEP THIS ELEVATOR READY! CAN'T TAKE CHANCES... IT WON'T BE HERE WHEN I NEED IT! SLIP A PENCIL IN THE DOOR AND KEEP IT AJAR!
NO SMOKING
JUST PAST THIS APARTMENT AND I'M IN! WON'T LITTLE JEANNIE BE SURP...!
AHHHH!
A KID! HOWLING HIS HEAD OFF!
HE'S QUIET NOW! MAYBE HE WOKE HIS MA! GOTTA TAKE THAT CHANCE... NOT MUCH TIME LEFT NOW! IF SHE'S UP AND HEARS THE SHOT... AW, WHAT THE HECK... GOTTA GO THROUGH WITH IT NOW!
THE LATCH ON JEANNIE'S DOOR WAS JUST AS CHARLIE HAD LEFT IT, SO HE GLIDED INTO HER APARTMENT ON SILENT FEET, AND...
SLEEP GOOD... DEAR JEANNIE... MY SWEET JEANNIE... BUT YOUR FACE WON'T HAUNT ME ANY MORE, AFTER THIS...

IT'S DONE! GOTTA SCRAM... 'FORE ANYBODY GETS WISE. QUICK.. THE DOOR!
AHHHH!
OKAY... OKAY... YOU WIN! I KILLED HER JUST NOW, BUT I'M GLAD... GLAD, I CAN TELL YOU! I COULDN'T STAND IT! EVEN THE CHAIR... IS BETTER THAN THE TORTURE OF HER FACE IN FRONT OF ME ALL THE TIME...
YOU KILLED HER? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT MAN?
YOU? HAH! WHAT A LAUGH! IT'S THE DOC HIMSELF! ALL THE TIME SHE WAS ALIVE, YOU KEPT COMING BETWEEN US... NOW THAT I BUMPED HER... IT'S YOU THAT CROSSES ME UP! WHAT A LAUGH!
SO YOU'RE JEANNIE'S BOY FRIEND, CHARLIE REDMONT, EH? WELL, GET SET FOR ANOTHER JOKE, FELLER... YOU DIDN'T KILL JEANNIE!
WHA...? I DIDN'T... WHAT? OH, NO, THAT'S TOO MUCH!
RIGHT AFTER THAT BATTLE YOU HAD WITH HER TONIGHT, SHE GOT ANOTHER ATTACK! SHE WAS DESPERATELY ILL... INCURABLY ILL! SHE MANAGED TO CALL ME, BUT IT WAS TOO LATE... BY THE TIME I GOT HERE, SHE WAS DEAD! SHE PASSED AWAY AT LEAST FOUR HOURS AGO!
SHE MIGHT HAVE LIVED IF NOT FOR YOU, CHARLIE! YOUR LOVE WAS THE ONE THING THAT MIGHT HAVE CURBED HER--BUT YOU REFUSED IT TO HER!
SHE WASN'T TWO-TIMIN' ME? SHE WAS TELLIN' THE TRUTH? SHE WAS SICK? OH, NO! NO--WHAT HAVE I DONE? WHAT HAVE I DONE ??!
YOU'VE DONE ALMOST NOTHING, CHARLIE--LEGALLY! ALL I CAN BOOK YOU FOR IS "INTENT TO KILL"! BUT, CHARLIE, I WOULDN'T LIKE TO HAVE TO LIVE WITH YOUR CONSCIENCE FROM NOW ON! YOU'LL HAVE THE REST OF YOUR LIFE TO REGRET, CHARLIE,--TO REGRET YOUR "INTENT TO KILL"!
9
AND SO, MY FRIEND... IT WAS CURTAINS FOR CHARLIE REDMONT! AND THIS LITTLE DRAMA IS DONE! BUT REMEMBER--THE WITNESS IS ALWAYS IN THE AUDIENCE--WITH A SEAT RESERVED FOR YOU!
THE END

Reducing Specialist Says:

LOSE WEIGHT

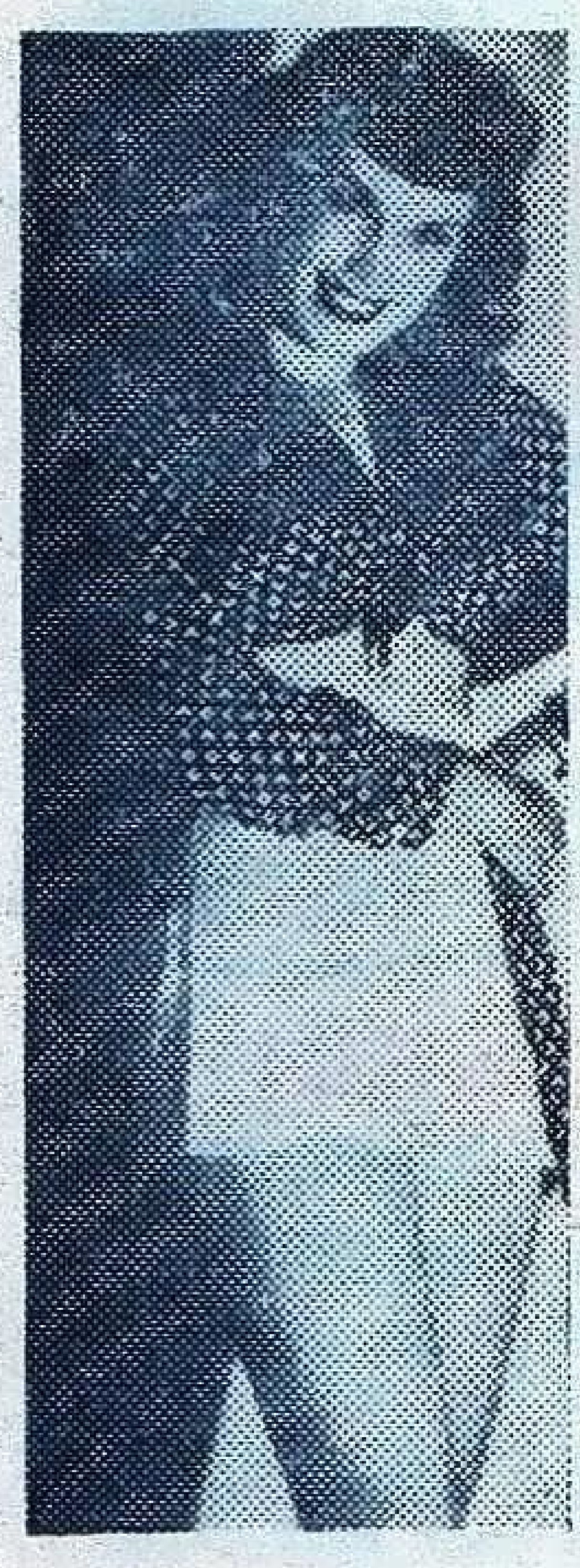
where it shows most

REDUCE

most any part of the body with

"Thanks to the Spot Reducer, I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

SPOT REDUCER



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MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
With a 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.

Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

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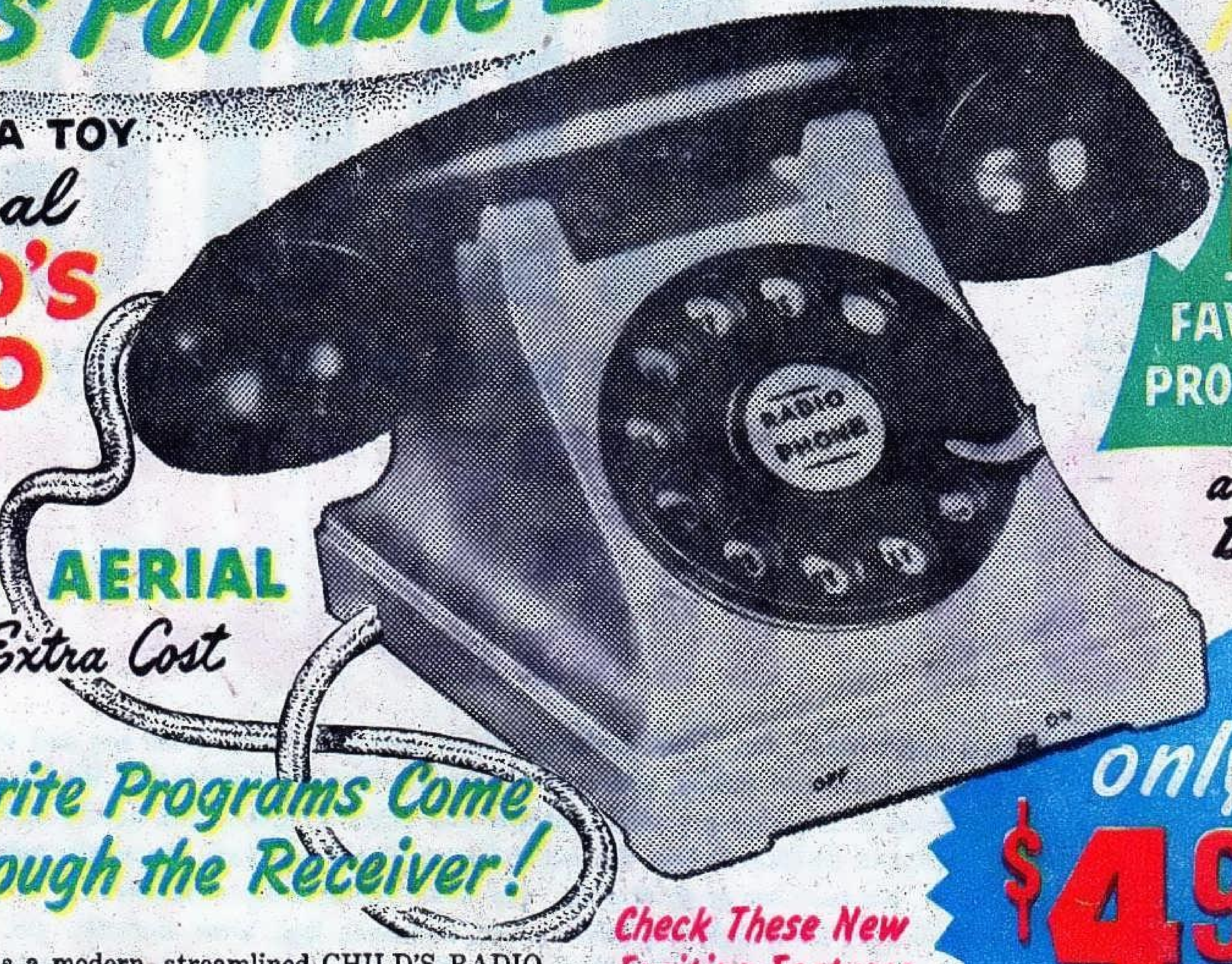

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GETS BUCK ROGERS
BRINGS IN THE "SHADOW"

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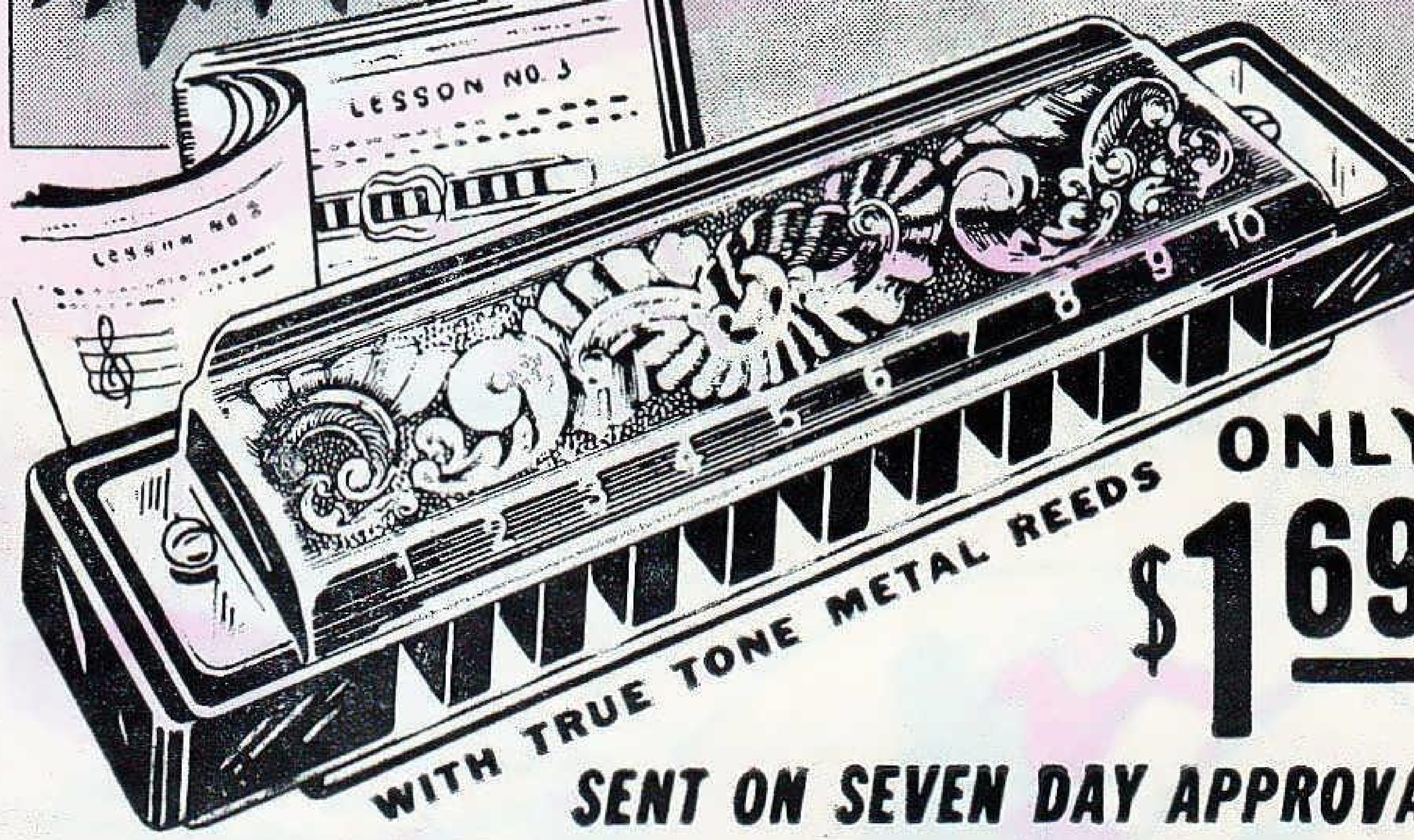
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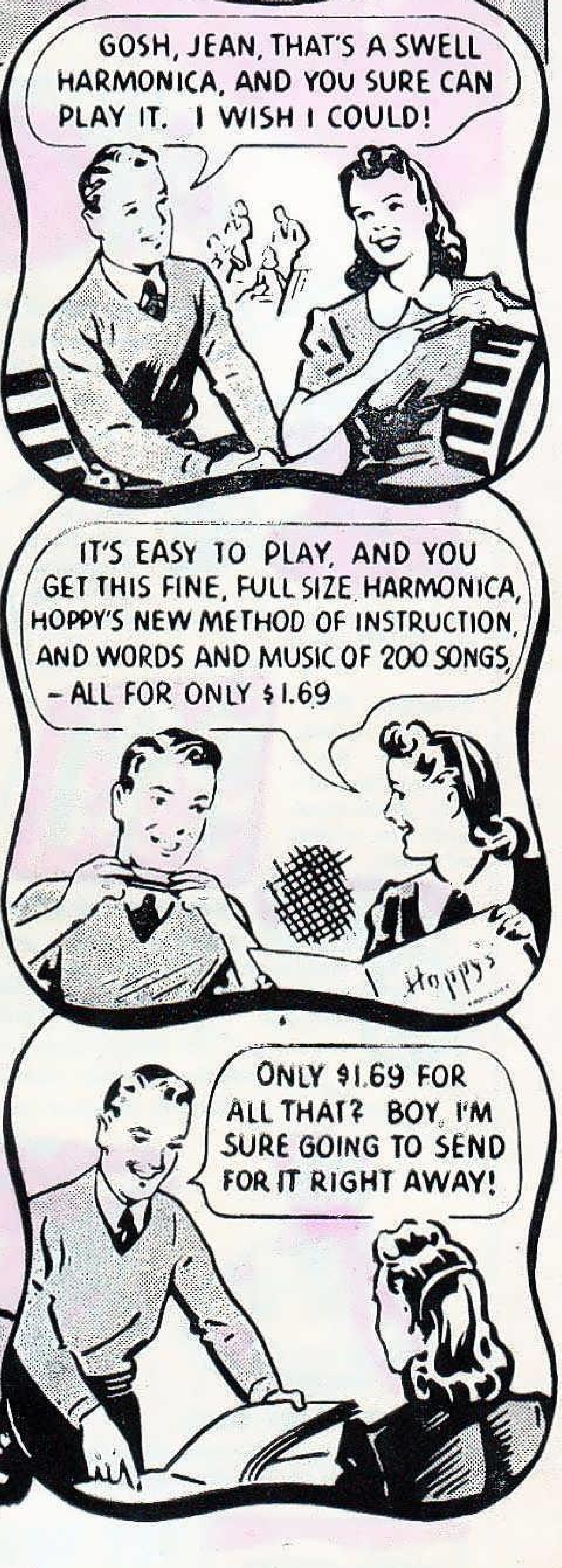
GOSH, JEAN, THAT'S A SWELL HARMONICA, AND YOU SURE CAN PLAY IT. I WISH I COULD!
IT'S EASY TO PLAY, AND YOU GET THIS FINE, FULL SIZE HARMONICA, HOPPY'S NEW METHOD OF INSTRUCTION, AND WORDS AND MUSIC OF 200 SONGS, - ALL FOR ONLY $1.69
Hoppy's
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Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell one order of American Seeds.

DICK TRACY CAMERA
Takes 16 pictures on each roll of film, carrying case included. Sell one order of seeds.

MORE PRIZES
shown in our Big Prize Sheet
- Pen and Pencil Set
- Electric Phonograph
- Flash Camera Outfit
- Boxing Gloves
- Jewelry and Clocks
- Kitchen Utensils
- Croquet Set
- Sports Equipment
- Jeweled Watches
- Dishes & Silverware
- Tool Set

OUR 31st YEAR

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY
Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given WITHOUT COST for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. GET BUSY—send coupon today for Big Prize Book and seeds. SEND NO MONEY -- WE TRUST YOU

No goods sent outside U. S. A.
American Seed Co., Inc. Dept. 802, Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC.,
DEPT. 802 LANCASTER, PA.
Please send the BIG PRIZE BOOK and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is ______

Name ______

R F.D. Box or Street No ______

City ______

State ______